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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED.]

XIV. GEORGE, second EARL OF SEAFORTH, and third LORD MACKENZIE OF KINTAIL, eldest son of Kenneth, the first Lord, by his second marriage with Isobel Ogilvie, succeeded as next heir male to Earl Colin. He was the first George of Kildun. In 1633 he "was served heir male to his brother Colin, Earl of Seaforth, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, in the lands and barony of Ellendonan, including the barony of Lochalshe, in which was included the barony or the lands and towns of Lochcarron, namely, the towns and lands of Auchnaschellock, Coullin, Edderancharron, Attadill, Ruychichan, Brecklach, Achachoull, Delmar-tyne, with fishings in salt water and fresh, Dalcharlarie, Arrinachteg, Achintie, Slumba, Doune, Stromcarronach, in the Earldom of Ross, of the old extent of £13 6s 8d, and also the towns of Kisserin, and lands of Strome, with fishings in salt and fresh water, and the towns and lands of Torridan, with the pertinents of the Castle of Strome. Lochalshe, Lochcarron, and Kisserin, including the davach of Achvanie, the davach of Auchnatrait, the davach of Stromcastell, Ardnagald, Ardneskan, and Blaad, and the half davach of Sannachan, Rassoll, Meikle Strome, and Rerag, in the Earldom of Ross, together of the old extent of £8 13s 4d."*

His high position in the North, and his close friendship at this period with the powerful House of Sutherland, is attested by the fact that he and Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, on the 2d November 1633, stood godfathers to George Gordon, second son of John Earl of Sutherland, and there can be little doubt that it is to the influence of the latter we must mainly attribute Seaforth's vacillating conduct during the earlier years of the great civil wars which continued to be the curse of Scotland for so many years after. In 1635 the Privy Council, with a view to put down the irregularities then so prevalent in the Highlands, demanded securities from the chiefs of clans, heads of families, and governors of counties, in conformity with a general bond previously agreed to, that they should be responsible for their clans and surnames, their men,

* Origines Parochiales Scotiae, p. 401.

tenants, and servants. The first who was called upon to give this security was the Earl of Huntly; then followed the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, and afterwards Lord Lorne and all the chiefs in the Western and Northern parts of the Kingdom.

In the following year the hitherto suppressed embers of religious differences broke out into a general blaze all over the country. Then began those contentions about ecclesiastical questions, church discipline, and liturgies, at all times fraught with the seeds of discord, and danger to the common weal, and in this case it ultimately led to such sad, momentous, and bloody consequences as only religious feuds can produce. Charles I. was playing the despot with his subjects, not only in Scotland, but in England. He was governing without a parliament, and defying the desires and aspirations of a people born to govern themselves and to be free. His infatuated attempt to introduce the Liturgy of the Church of England into the Calvinistic and Presbyterian pulpits of Scotland was an insane proceeding. "In no part of Europe had the Calvinistic doctrine and discipline taken such a hold on the public mind as in Scotland. The Church of Rome was regarded by the great body of the people with a hatred that might justly be called ferocious, and the Church of England, which seemed to be coming every day more and more like the Church of Rome, was scarcely an object of less aversion. . . . To this step, taken in the mere wantonness of tyranny and in criminal ignorance, or more criminal contempt of public feeling, our country owes her freedom. The first performance of the Liturgy produced a riot. The riot soon broke out into a revolution, and the whole of Scotland was soon in arms."* His English subjects were at the same time almost in a state of rebellion for their liberties. Under these circumstances he tried to put down the rising in Scotland by the sword, but his military means and his military skill were unequal to the task. In this trying predicament he found himself obliged to call parliament together, and to restore constitutional government in England. He failed to impose the English Liturgy on his Scottish subjects, but his attempt in this direction turned out to be the deliverance of his English subjects from high-handed tyranny. It is but natural in these circumstances that Seaforth, though personally attached to the king, should be found on the side of the Covenant, and that he should have joined the Assembly, the clergy, and the nobles in their Protest, and in the renewal of the Confession of Faith, formerly accepted and confirmed by James VI. in 1580, 1581, and in 1590, at the same time that they entered into a covenant or bond of mutual defence among themselves against all opposition from whatever source. The principal among the Northern nobles who entered into this engagement were the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland, and Lord Lovat, the Rosses, Munroes, the Lairds of Grant, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Innes, the Sheriff of Moray, Kilravock, the Laird of Altyre, and the Tutor of Duffus. These, under the command of the Earl of Seaforth, who had been appointed General of the Covenanters north of the Spey, marched to Morayshire, where they met the Royalists on the northern banks of the river ready

* Macaulay's History of England.

to oppose their advance.* An arrangement was here entered into between Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Seaforth's brother, on behalf of the Covenanters, and a representative from the Gordons on the other side, that the latter should recross the Spey, and that the Highlanders should return home. At the same time Seaforth received a despatch from Montrose, who was then at Aberdeen, also fighting for the Covenant, intimating the pacification, entered into on the 20th of June, between the King and his subjects at Berwick, and requesting him to disband his army. This order was obeyed, and, shortly after, Montrose dissociated himself with the Covenanters, took up the King's cause, and raised the royal standard. The Earl of Seaforth soon after became suspected of lukewarmness in the cause of the Covenanters. In 1640, when the King was at York on his way to reduce the Covenanting Scots, they, on their part, resolved to invade England, and, as a precautionary measure, to imprison or expel all suspected Royalists from the army. Among these we find the Earl of Seaforth, Lord Reay, and others, who were taken before the Assembly, kept in ward at Edinburgh for two months, and, on the King's arrival in Scotland, in 1641, the Earl of Traquair, who had been summoned before the Parliament as an opponent to the Lords of the Covenant, persuaded the Earls of Montrose, Wigton, Athole, Hume, and Seaforth, with several others, to join in a bond against the Covenanters.

We afterwards find Montrose leaving Elgin with the main body of his army towards the Bog of Gight, accompanied by the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Robert Gordon, the Lords of Grant, Pluscardine, and several other gentlemen who had come in to him at Elgin to support the King. After this, however, fearing depredations would be committed on his followers by the garrison of two regiments at Inverness and the other Covenanters of that district, he allowed Seaforth, the Laird of Grant, and other Moray gentlemen, to return home to defend their estates, but before allowing them to depart he made them make a solemn oath of allegiance to the King, and promise that they should never again take up arms against him or any of his loyal subjects, as also engage to rejoin him with all their forces as soon as they could do so. Seaforth, however, with an unaccountable want of decision, disregarded his oath, and again joined the ranks of the Covenanters. He excused himself in a letter to the Committee of Estates, saying that he joined the Royalists through fear of Montrose, at the same time avowing that he would abide by "the good cause to his death."

Seaforth is soon again in the field against Montrose, for Wishart informs us "that the Earl of Seaforth, a very powerful man in those parts (and one of whom he entertained a better opinion) with the garrison of Inverness, which were old soldiers, and the whole strength of Moray, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, and the sept of the Frasers, were ready to meet him with a desperate army of 5000 horse and foot."

* On May 14, 1639, 4000 men met at Elgin under command of the Earl of Seaforth, and the gentlemen following, viz.:—The Master of Lovat, the Master of Ray, George, brother to the Earl of Sutherland, Sir James Sinclair of Murkle, Laird of Grant, Young Kilravock, Sheriff of Murray, Laird of Innes, Tutor of Duffus, Hugh Ross of Achnacloch, John Muir of Lemlure, &c. They encamped at Speyside, to keep the Gordons and their friends from entering Murray; and they remained encamped till the pacification, which was signed June 18, was proclaimed, and intimated to them about June 22.—*Shaw's MS. History of Kilravock.*

Montrose had at that time only 1500, the Macdonalds of Glengarry and the Highlanders of Athole having previously gone home, against the earnest solicitude of Montrose that they should complete the campaign in accordance with their usual custom, to deposit the booty obtained in their repeated victories under the great chief, but on the plea of repairing their houses and other property which had been so much injured by their enemies during their absence. The great commander, however, although he knew many of the garrison to be old soldiers, decided to attack their preponderating numbers, correctly calculating that a great many of the others were only newly raised "from among husbandmen, cowherds, pedees, tavern-boys, and kitchen-boys," and would be altogether raw and unserviceable. It turned out otherwise fortunately for Seaforth and his forces. The gallant Marquis was, on his way to Inverness, informed of Argyll's descent on Lochaber, and, instantly changing his route, he fell down on the Earl at Inverlochy so unexpectedly, that when Argyll, by an ignominious flight in one of his boats, made himself secure, he had the well-merited reward of personal cowardice and pusillanimity of witnessing fifteen hundred of his devoted adherents cut down, among whom were a great number of the leading gentlemen of the clan,* and who deserved to fight under a better and less cowardly commander. The power of the Campbells was thus broken, and so, probably, would have been that of Seaforth had Montrose attacked him first.

After his brilliant victory at Inverlochy on the 2d February 1645, Montrose returned to Moray, by Badenoch, where, on his march to Elgin, he was met by Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine and others, who were sent by Seaforth and the Covenanters as commissioners to treat with him. They received an indignant answer, the Marquis declining any negotiation, but at the same time offering to accept of the services of such as would join and obey him as the King's Lieutenant-General. The Earl of Seaforth himself was then sent by the Committee of Ross and Sutherland, and meeting the Marquis between Elgin and Forres, was for several days detained a prisoner, but was afterwards released, on what terms all the authorities plead ignorance; but it appears that when the Royalists marched south, the Laird of Lawers, who was then Governor of the Castle of Inverness, cited all those who had communications with Montrose in Moray, and compelled them to give bonds for their appearance, to answer for their conduct, before the Parliament, if required to do so. Among those we find Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, and, after the affair at Fettercairn, and the retreat of Montrose from Dundee, we find the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland with the whole of the Clan Fraser, and most of the men of Caithness and Moray, assembled at Inverness, where Hurry, who had been retreating before Montrose, joined them with a force of Gordons—1000 foot and 200 horse—the whole amounting to about 3500 foot and 400 horse, which included Sutherlands, Mackenzies, Frasers, Roses, and Brodies, while Montrose's followers consisted of Gordons, Macdonalds, Macphersons, Mackintoshes, and Irish, to the number of about 3000 foot and 300 horse.†

* Among those who fell were Campbell of Auchinbreck, Campbell of Lochuell, his eldest son, and his brother Colin; Macdougall of Rara, and his eldest son, Major Menzies, brother to the Chief of Achattens Parbreck, and the Provost of the Church of Kilmuir. —*History of the Highlands*, p. 199.

† Shaw's MS. History.

Montrose halted at the village of Auldearn. General Hurry finding such an army waiting for him at Inverness decided to retrace his steps with this large force the next morning, and to give him battle.

The author of the Ardintoul MS. informs us how the Earl of Seaforth took part in the Battle of Auldearn, and gives the following account of the engagement :—General Hurry sent for Seaforth to Inverness, and during a long conference informed him that although he served the States himself he favoured the King's cause, and advised Seaforth to dismiss his men and make a pretence that he had only sent for them to give them new leases of their lands, and in case it was necessary to make an appearance to fight Montrose, he could bring him, when commanded to do so, two or three companies from Chanonry and Ardmearnach, which he would accept. It was, however, late before they parted, and Lady Seaforth, who was waiting for her lord at Kessock, prepared a sumptuous supper for Seaforth and his friends. He and his friends kept up the festivities so long and so well that he "forgot or delayed to advertise his men to dismiss till to-morrow," and going to bed very late, before he could stir in the morning all the lairds and gentlemen of Moray came to him, most earnestly entreating his Lordship by all the laws of friendship and good neighbourhood, and for the kindness they had for him while he lived among them, and which they manifested to his brother yet living amongst them, that his Lordship would not see them ruined and destroyed by Montrose and the Irish, when he might easily prevent the same without the least loss to himself and his men, assuring his Lordship that if he should join Hurrie with what forces he had then under his command, Montrose would make off with his Irish and not fight them. Seaforth, believing the gentlemen, and thinking, as they said, that Montrose with so small a number would not venture to fight, the rest being twice the number, and many of them trained soldiers. Hurrie acquainted him that he was to march immediately against Montrose, and being of an easy and compassionate nature, he yielded to their request, and sent immediately in all haste for his Highlandmen, crossed the ferry of Kessock, and marched straight with the rest of the forces to Auldearn, where Montrose had his camp; but the Moray men found themselves mistaken in thinking that he (Montrose) would make off, for he was not only resolved but glad of the opportunity to fight them before Baillie, whom he knew was on his march north with considerable forces, could join Hurrie, and so drawing up his men with great advantage of ground, he placed Alex. Macdonald, with the Irish, on the right wing beneath the village of Auldearn, and Lord Gordon with the horse on the left. On the south side of Auldearn, he himself biding in town, and making a show of a main battle with a few men, which Hurrie understanding, and making it his business that Montrose should carry the victory, and that Seaforth would come off without great loss, set his men, who were more than double the number of their adversaries, to Montrose's advantage, for he placed Sutherland, Lovat's men, and some others, with the horse under Drummond's command, on the right wing opposite to my Lord Gordon, and Loudon and Laurie's Regiments, with some others, on the left wing, opposite to Alexander Macdonald and the Irish, and placed Seaforth's men for the most in the midst opposite Montrose, where he knew they could not

get hurt till the wings were engaged. Seaforth's men were commanded to retire, and make off before they had occasion or command to fight; but the men hovering, and not understanding the mystery, were commanded again to make off and follow Drummond with the horse, who gave only one charge to the enemy and then fled, which they did by leaving both the wings and some of their own men to the brunt of the enemy, because their own men stood at a distance from them, the right wing being sore put to by my Lord Gordon, and seeing Drummond with the horse and their neighbours fly, they began to follow, while Sutherland and Lovat suffered great loss, while on the left wing, Loudon's Regiment and Lawrie with his Regiment were both totally cut off betwixt the Irish and the Gordons, who came to assist them after Sutherland's and Lovat's men were defeated. Seaforth's men got no hurt in the pursuit, nor did they lose many men in the fight, the most considerable being John Mackenzie of Kernsary, cousin-german to the Earl, and Donald Bain, brother to Tulloch and Chamberlain to Seaforth in the Lews, both being heavy and corpulent men not fit to fly, and being partly deceived by Seaforth's principal ensign or standard-bearer in the field, who stood to it with some others of the Lochbroom and Lewis men, till they were killed, and likewise Captain Bernard Mackenzie, with the rest of his company, which consisted of Chanonry men and some others thereabouts, being somewhat of a distance from the rest of Seaforth's men, were killed upon the spot. There were only four Kintail men who might make their escape with the rest if they had looked rightly to themselves, namely, the Banner man of Kintail, called Rory Mac Ian Dhomh'uill Bhàin, alias Maclellan, who, out of foolhardiness and indignation, to see that banner, which had wont to be victorious, fly in his hands, fastens the staff of it in the ground, and stands to it with his two-handed sword drawn, and would not accept of quarter though tendered to him by my Lord Gordon in person, nor would he suffer any to approach him to take him alive, as the gentlemen beholders wished, so that they were forced to shoot him. The other three were Donald, the bannerman's brother, Malcolm Macrae, and Duncan Mac Ian Oig. Seaforth and his men, with Colonel Hurrie and the rest, came back that night to Inverness, all the men laying the blame of the loss of the day upon Drummond, who commanded the horse, and fled away with them, for which, by a Council of War, he was sentenced to die; but Hurrie assuring him that he would get him absolved, though at the very time of execution he made him keep silence, but when Drummond was like to speak, he caused him to be shot suddenly, fearing, as was thought, that he would reveal that what was acted was by Hurrie's own directions. This account of the Battle of Auldearn I had from an honourable gentleman and experienced soldier, as we were riding by Auldearn, who was present from first to last at this action, and who asked Hurrie, Who set the battle with such advantage to Montrose and to the inevitable loss and overthrow of his own side? to whom Hurrie, being confident of the gentleman, said, "I know what I am doing, we shall have by-and-bye excellent sport between the Irish and the States Regiments, and I shall carry off Seaforth's men without loss;" and that Hurrie was more for Montrose than for the States that day is very probable, because, shortly thereafter, when he found opportunity, he quitted the

States service, and is reckoned as first of Montrose's friends, who, in August next year, embarked with Montrose to get off the nation, and returned with him again in his second expedition to Scotland, and was taken prisoner at Craighonachan, and sent south and publicly executed with Montrose as guilty of the same fault.

Montrose gained another engagement at Alford on the 2nd of July, after which he was joined by a powerful levy of West Highlanders under Colla Ciotach Macdonald, Clan Ranald, and Glengarry, the Macnabs and Macgregors, headed by their respective chieftains, and the Stewarts of Appin. In addition to these some of the Farquharsons of Braemar and small parties of smaller septs from Badenoch rallied round the standard of Montrose. Thus, as a contemporary writer says, "he went like a current speat (spate) through this kingdom." Seeing all this—the great successes of Montrose and so many of the Highlanders joining—Seaforth, who had never been a very hearty Covenanter, began to waver. The Estates of Scotland sent a commission to the Earl of Sutherland appointing him as their Lieutenant north of the Spey, but he refused to accept it. It was then offered to Seaforth, who likewise declined it, and he "contrived and framed ane band, under the name of ane humble remonstrance, which he perswaded manie and threatned others to subscribe. This remonstrance gave so great a distast to both the Church and State, that the Earl of Seaforth was therefore excommunicate by the General Assemblie; and all such as did not disclaime the said remonstrance within some days thereafter, were, by the Committee of Estates, declared inimies to the publick. Hereupon the Earl of Seaforth joyned publickly with Montros in April one thousand six hundreth forty-six, at the seidge of Inverness, though before that time he had only joyned in private counsell with him."*

At Inverness, through the conduct of the Marquis of Huntly and the treachery of his son, Lord Lewis Gordon, Montrose was taken by surprise by General Middleton, but he promptly crossed the river Ness in the face of a regiment of cavalry, under the command of Major Bromley, who crossed the river by a ford above the town, while another detachment crossed lower down towards the sea with a view to cut off his retreat. These he managed with his brave followers to beat back with a trifling loss on either side, after which he retreated unmolested to Kinmylies, a short distance west of Achnagairn, and the following morning he marched round by Beaully and halted at a place called Fairley, where slight marks of field works are still to be seen; and now, for the first time, he found himself in the country of the Mackenzies, accompanied by Seaforth in person. Montrose, finding himself in a level country with an army mainly composed of raw levies newly raised by Seaforth among his people, and who were taught by their Chief's vacillating conduct and example to have but little interest or enthusiasm in either cause, thought it imprudent to give battle to Middleton, who pursued him with a disciplined force, and a considerable following of cavalry, ready to engage with every favourable advantage in such a level country. He therefore rapidly moved up through the valley of Strathglass, crossed to Loch-Ness, passed through Stratherrick towards the river Spey. Meanwhile Middle-

* Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 529.

ton advanced to Fortrose and laid siege to the castle, which was at the time in charge of Lady Seaforth. She surrendered after a siege of four days; and taking away a considerable quantity of stores and ammunition, sent by Queen Henrietta for the use of Montrose on his arrival there, the General gave Lady Seaforth, whom he treated with the greatest civility and respect, possession of the stronghold. The Committee on Public Affairs, which, throughout the great contest, acted in opposition to the Royal authority, and had sederunts at Aberdeen and Dundee, as well as at Edinburgh, gratified their malignity, after Montrose gave up the contest in 1646, by fining the loyalists in enormous sums of money, and decerning them to "lend" to the committee such sums, in many cases exorbitant, as they thought proper. Sir Robert Farquhar, at one time a Bailie of Aberdeen, was treasurer, and in the sederunt in that city, the Committee threw a comprehensive net over the Clan Mackenzie; for sixteen of the name were decerned to "lend" the handsome sum of £28,666 13s 4d Scots; but we are not sorry to find from the other side of the balance-sheet that the Mackenzies declined to "lend" a penny; and Sir Robert credits himself as treasurer thus:—"Item of the loan moneys above set down there is yet resting unpaid, and wherefore no payment can be gotten, as follows—viz.—Be the name of Mackenzie, sixteen persons, the sum of £28,666 13s 4d Scots." These are the respective sums, names, and sums decerned:—Mr Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, £2000; Mr Alexander Mackenzie of Kilcoy, £2000; Roderick Mackenzie of Redcastle, £2000; Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, £6000; Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, £3333 6s 8d; Hector Mackenzie of Scotsburn, £2000; Roderick Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, £1333 6s 8d; John Mackenzie of Dawack-Cairne, £1333 6s 8d; William Mackenzie of Muttarie, £1000; Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell, £2000; Mr Thomas Mackenzie of Inverlael, £1333 6s 8d; Colin Mackenzie of Mullochie, £666 13s 4d; Donald Mackenzie of Logie, £666 13s 4d; Kenneth Mackenzie of Assint, £1000; Colin Mackenzie of Kincaig, £1000; Alexander Mackenzie of Suddie, £1000. Among the other sums decerned is one of £6666 13s 4d against "William Robertson in Kindeace, and his son Gilbert Robertson," and in Inverness and Ross the loan amounted to the respectable sum of £44,783 6s 8d, of which the treasurer was allowed to retain £15,000 in his own hands. This sum, with large amounts of disbursements by the committee, show that they were more fortunate with others than with the Clan Mackenzie.*

The Earl of Seaforth taking advantage of being on opposite sides to the Earl of Sutherland, now asserted some old claims against Donald Macleod or Donald Ban Mór, 7th Baron of Assynt, a follower of the house of Sutherland, and who afterwards became notorious as the captor of the great Montrose himself. Mackenzie laid siege to his castle, but peace was soon concluded without any serious damage being done to either party. In 1648 Seaforth again raised a body of 4000 men in the Western Islands and in Ross-shire, whom he led south, to aid the King's cause, but after joining in a few skirmishes under Lanark, they returned home to "cut their corn which was now ready for their sickles." During the

* Antiquarian Notes, pp. 307-308-309.

whole of this period Seaforth's fidelity to the Royal cause was not without considerable suspicion, and when Charles I. threw himself into the hands of the Scots at Newark, and ordered Montrose to disband his forces, Earl George, always trying to be on the winning side, came in to General Middleton, and made terms with the Committee of Estates; but the Church, by whom he had previously been excommunicated, continued implacable, and would only be satisfied by a public penance in sackcloth within the High Church of Edinburgh. The proud Earl gave in, underwent this ignominious and degrading ceremonial, and his sentence of excommunication was removed. Notwithstanding this public humiliation, in 1649, after the death of the ill-fated and despotic Charles I., Seaforth went over to Holland, joined Charles II., by whom he was made Principal Secretary of State for Scotland, the duties of which he never had the opportunity of exercising. Charles was proclaimed King of Scotland, in Edinburgh, on the 5th February 1649, and it was decided by the King, and his friends in exile, that Montrose should make a second attempt to recover Scotland; for the King, on the advice of his friends, declined the humiliating terms offered him by the Scottish faction; and, in connection with the plans of Montrose, a rising took place in the North, under Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, brother of the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, Colonel John Munro of Lumlair, and Colonel Hugh Fraser. On the 22d February they entered the town of Inverness, expelled the troops from the garrison, and afterwards demolished the walls and fortifications. On the 26th of February a Council of War was held. Present—Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Preses, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, H. Fraser of Belladrum, Jo. Cuthbert of Castlehill, R. Mackenzie, 5th of Davochmaluak; Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, R. Mackenzie of Redcastle, John Munro of Lumlair, Simon Fraser of Craighouse, and Alex. Mackenzie of Suddie. This Committee passed certain enactments, by which they took the customs and excise of the six Northern counties entirely into their own hands. The Provost of Inverness was made accountable "for all the money which, under the name of excise, has been taken up in any of the foresaid shires since his intromissions with the office of excise taking." Another "item" is that Duncan Forbes be pleased to advance money "upon the security which the Committee will grant to him," to be repaid out of the readiest of the "maintaince and excise." Cromarty House was ordered to be put in a position of defence, for which it was "requisite that some faill be cast and led," and all Sir James Fraser's tenants within the parishes of Cromarty and Cullicudden, together with those of the laird of Findrassie, within the parish of Rosemarkie, were ordered "to afford from six hours in the morning to six hours at night, one horse out of every oxengait daily for the space of four days, to lead the same faill to the House of Cromarty." By the tenth enactment the Committee find it expedient for their safety that the works and forts of Inverness be demolished and levelled to the ground, and they ordained that each person appointed to this work should complete his proportion thereof before the 4th day of March following "under pain of being quartered upon, and until the said task be performed." They further enacted that a garrison be placed in Culloden House, "which the

Committee is not desirous of for any intention of harm towards the disturbance of the owner, but merely because of the security of the garrison of Calder, which, if not kept in good order, is like to infest all the well-affected of the country circumjacent."* General Leslie being sent against them, they retired to the mountains of Ross. Leslie advanced to Fortrose, and placed a garrison in the castle. He managed to make terms with all the other leaders except Mackenzie, who would not listen to any accommodation, and who immediately, on Leslie's return south, descended from his mountain fastnesses, attacked and took the Castle of Chanonry. He was then joined by his nephew, Lord Reay, at the head of three hundred men, which increased his force to eight or nine hundred. Mackenzie, now joined by General Middleton and Lord Ogilvie, advanced into Badenoch, with the view of raising the people in that and the neighbouring districts, where they were joined by the Marquis of Huntly, formerly Lord Lewis Gordon, and they at once attacked and took the Castle of Ruthven. After this they were pressed closely by Leslie, and fell down from Badenoch to Balvenny Castle, whence they sent General Middleton and Mackenzie to treat with Leslie, but before they reached their destination, Carr, Halket, and Strachan, who had been in the North, made a rapid march from Fortrose, and on the 8th of May surprised Lord Reay with his nine hundred followers at Balvennie, but not without considerable loss on both sides. Eighty Royalists fell in the defence of the castle. Carr at once dismissed the Highlanders to their homes on giving their oaths never again to take up arms against the Parliament, but he detained Lord Reay and some of his kinsmen, and Mackenzie of Pluscardine, with a few of the leaders of that name, and sent them prisoners to Edinburgh. Having there given security to keep the peace in future, Lord Reay, Ogilvy, Huntly, and Middleton were forgiven, and allowed to return home, Roderick Mackenzie of Redcastle and Mackenzie of Pluscardine, being the only two kept in prison. Carr now returned to Ross-shire and laid siege to Redcastle, the only place in the North which still held out for the Royal cause. The captain in charge recklessly exposed himself on the ramparts, and was pulled down by a well-directed shot from the enemy. The castle was set on fire by the exasperated soldiers. Leslie then placed a garrison in Brahan Castle and in the stronghold of Chanonry, and returned south. The garrison was expelled, some of whom were hanged, the walls were demolished, and the fortifications razed to the ground. Thus ended an insurrection which probably would have had a very different result had it been delayed until the arrival of the great Montrose. The same year General Leslie himself came to Fortrose with nine troops of horse, and forwarded detachments to Cromarty and Eilean-Donan Castle, "Seaforth's strongest hold."

We shall again quote from the account given by a contemporary writer of these proceedings:—

Immediately after the battle of Aldern Seaforth met and communed with Montrose, the result of which was that Seaforth should join Montrose for the King against the Parliament and States, whom they now discovered not to be for the King as they professed; but in the mean-

* For a copy of these Minutes see "Antiquarian Notes," pp. 157-8.

time that Seaforth should not appear, till he had called upon and prevailed with his neighbours about him, namely, My Lord Reay, Balnagowan, Lovat, Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Dunvegan, and others, to join him and follow him as their leader. Accordingly, Seaforth having called them together, pointed out to them the condition the King was in, and how it was their interest to rise and join together immediately for the King's service and relief. All of them consented and approved of the motion, only some of them desired that the Parliament who professed to be for the King as well as they, and desired to be rid of Montrose and his bloody Irish, should first be made acquainted with their resolution, Seaforth being unwilling to lose any of them condescended, and drew up a declaration, which was known as Seaforth's remonstrance, as separate from Montrose, whereof a double was sent them; but the Parliament was so far from being pleased therewith that they threatened to proclaim Seaforth and all who should join him as rebels. Now, after the battle of Alford and Kilsyth, wherein Montrose was victorious, and all in the south professing to submit to him as the King's Lieutenant, he was, by the treachery of Traquhair and others of the Covenanters, surprised and defeated at Philiphaugh. In the beginning of the next year, 1646, he came north to recruit his army. Seaforth raised his men and advertised his foresaid neighbours to come, but none came except Sir James Macdonald, who, with Seaforth, joined Montrose at Inverness, which they besieged, but Middleton, who then served in the Scots armies in England, being sent with nearly 1000 horse and 800 foot, coming suddenly the length of Inverness, stopped Montrose's progress. Montrose was forced to raise the siege and quit the campaign, and retired with Seaforth and Sir James Macdonald to the hills of Strathglass, to await the arrival of the rest of their confederates, Lord Reay, Glengarry, Maclean, and several others, who, with such as were ready to join him south, were likely to make a formidable army for the King; but, in the meantime, the King having come to the Scots army, the first thing they extorted from him was to send a herald to Montrose, commanding him to disband his forces, and to pass over to France till his Majesty's further pleasure. The herald came to him in the last of May 1646, while he was at Strathglass waiting the rest of the King's faithful friends who were to join him. For this Montrose was vexed, not only for the King's condition, but for those of his faithful subjects who declared themselves for him; and before he would disband he wrote several times to the King, but received no answer, except some Articles from the Parliament and Covenanters, which, after much reluctance, he was forced to accept, by which he was to depart the Kingdom against the first of September following, and the Covenanters were obliged to provide a ship for his transportation, but finding that they neglected to do so, meeting with a Murray ship in the harbour of Montrose, he went aboard of her with several of his friends, namely, Sir John Hurrie, who served the States the year before, John Drummond, Henry Brechin, George Wishart, and several others, leaving Seaforth and the rest of his friends to the mercy of these implacable enemies; for the States and Parliament threatened to forfeit him for acting contrary to their orders, and the Kirk excommunicated him for joining with the excommunicated traitor, as they called him, James

Graham ; for now the Kirk began to rule with a high hand, becoming more guilty than the bishops, of that of which they charged him with as great a fault for meddling with civil and secular affairs ; for they not only look upon them to form the army and to purge it of such as whom, in their idiom, they called Malignants, but really such as were loyal to the King ; and also would have no Acts of Parliament to pass without their consent and approbation. Their proselytes in the laity were also heavy upon and uneasy to such as they found or conceived to have found with a tincture of Malignancy, whereof many instances might be given.

But now to return to Seaforth. After he was excommunicated by the Kirk he was obliged to go to Edinburgh, where he was made prisoner and detained two years, till in the end he was, with much ado, released from the sentence of excommunication, and the process of forfeiture against him discharged ; for that time he returned home in the end of the year 1648, but King Charles I. being before that time murdered, and King Charles II. being in France, finding that he would not be for any time on fair terms with the States and Kirk, he proposed to remove his family to the Island of Lews, and dwell there remote from public affairs, and to allocate his rents on the mainland to pay his most pressing debts, in order to which, having sent his lady in December to Lochcarron, where boats were attending to transport himself and children to the Lews by way of Lochbroom, wherein his affairs called him, he, without acquainting his kinsmen and friends, went aboard a ship which he had provided for that purpose, and sailed to France, where the King was, who received him most graciously and made him one of his secretaries. This did incense the States against him, so that they placed a garrison in his principal house at Braham, under the command of Captain Scott, who (afterwards) broke his neck from a fall from his horse in the Craigwood of Chanonry, as also another garrison in the Castle of Islandonaan, under the command of one William Johnston, which remained to the great hurt and oppression of the people till, in the year 1650, some of the Kintail men, not bearing the insolence of the garrison soldiers, discorded with them, and in harvest that year killed John Campbell, a leading person among them, with others, from having wounded several at Little Inverinate, without one drop of blood drawn out of the Kintail men, who were only 10 in number, while the soldiers numbered 30.

After this the garrison was very uneasy and greatly afraid of the Kintail men, who threatened them so, that shortly thereafter they removed to Ross, being commanded then by one James Chambers ; but Argyle, to keep up the face of a garrison there, sent ten men under the command of John Muir, who lived there civilly without molesting the people, the States was so incensed against the Kintail men for this brush and their usage of the garrison, that they resolved to send a strong party next spring to destroy Kintail and the inhabitants thereof. But King Charles II., after the defeat of Dunbar, being at Stirling recruiting his army against Cromwell, to which Seaforth's men were called, it proved an act of oblivion and indemnity to them, so that the Kintail men were never challenged for their usage of the garrison soldiers. Though the Earl of Seaforth was out of the kingdom he gave orders to his brother Pliscardy to raise men for the King's service whenever he saw the King's affairs

required it ; and so, in the year 1649, Pliscardy did raise Seaforth's men, and my Lord Rea joining him with his men, marched through Inverness, went through Moray, and crossed the Spey, being resolved to join the Gordons, Atholes, and several others who were ready to rise, and appeared for the King. Lesley, who was sent from the Parliament to stop their progress, called Pliscardy to treat with him, while Seaforth's and my Lord Rea's men encamped at Balveny, promising a cessation of hostilities. For some days Colonel Carr and Strachan, with a strong body of horse, surprised them in their camp, when they lay secured, and taking my Lord Reay, Rory Mackenzie of Redcastle, Rory Mackenzie of Fairburn, John Mackenzie of Ord, and others, prisoners, threatening to kill them unless the men surrendered and disbanded, and the under officers fearing they would kill them whom they had taken prisoners, did their utmost to hinder the Highlanders from fighting, cutting their bowstrings, &c., so they were forced to disband and dissipate. Pliscardy, in the meantime, being absent from them, and fearing to fall into their hands, turned back to Spey with Kenneth of Coul, William Mackenzie of Multavie, and Captain Alexander Bain, and swam the river, being then high by reason of the rainy weather, and so escaped from their implacable enemies. My Lord Reay, Redcastle, and others were sent to Edinburgh as prisoners, as it were to make a triumph, where a solemn day of thanksgiving was kept for that glorious victory. My Lord Reay and the rest were set at liberty, but Redcastle was still kept prisoner, because when he came from home he garrisoned his house of Redcastle, giving strict commands to those he placed in his house not to render or give it until they had seen an order under his hand, whereupon Colonel Kerr and Strachan coming to Ross, after the defeat of Balveny, summoned the garrison to come forth, but all in vain ; for they obstinately defended the house against the besiegers until, on a certain day, a cousin of Kerr's advancing in the ruff of his pride, with his cocked carbine in his hand, to the very gates of the castle, bantering and threatening those within to give up the castle under all highest pain and danger, he was shot from within and killed outright. This did so grieve and incense Colonel Kerr, that he began fairly to capitulate with them within, and made use of Redcastle's own friends to mediate and persuade them, till in the end, upon promise and assurance of fair terms, and an indemnity of what passed, they came out, and then Kerr and his party kept not touches with them, but apprehending several of them, and finding who it was that killed his cousin, caused him to be killed, and thereafter, contrary to the promise and articles of capitulation, rifled the house, taking away what he found useful, and then burnt the house and all that was within it. In the meantime Redcastle was kept prisoner at Edinburgh, none of his friends being in a condition to plead for him till Ross of Bridly, his uncle by his mother, went south, and being in great favour with Argyll, obtained Redcastle's liberation upon payment of 7000 merks fine.*

While these proceedings were taking place in the Highlands, Seaforth was in Holland at the exiled Court of Charles II., and when Montrose arrived there Seaforth strongly supported him in urging on the King the bold and desperate policy of throwing himself on the loyalty of

* Ardintoul MS.

his Scottish subjects, as also in strongly protesting against the acceptance by the King and his friends of the arrogant and humiliating demand made upon him by the commissioners sent over to treat with him by the Scottish faction. It is difficult to say whether his zeal for his royal master or the safety of his own person influenced him most during the remainder of his life, but whatever the cause may have been, he adhered steadily to the exiled monarch to the end of a life which cannot be commended as an example to others in whatever light we may view it. Such vacillating and time-serving conduct ended in the manner it deserved. We might have admired him, taking a consistent part on either side, but with Earl George self and self-interest appear to have been the only governing principle throughout the whole of this trying period of his country's history. The Earl of Cromarty thought differently, and says of him, that "This George, being a nobleman of excellent qualifications, shared the fortune of his Prince, King Charles I., for whom he suffered all the calamities in his estate that envious or malicious enemies could inflict. He was made secretary to King Charles II. in Holland, but died in that banishment before he sawe ane end of his King and his countries calamities, or of his own injuries." We have seen that his conduct was not so very steadfast in support of Charles I., and it may now be safely asserted that his calamities were due more to his own indecision and accommodating conduct than to any other cause.

While these great national questions were being fought out between the rival parties, some comparatively unimportant squabbles occasionally occurred at home. One of these may be mentioned which took place between the Mackenzies and the Roses of Kilravock, who, being cousins, were generally good friends. An unlucky difference, however, arose between the Roses and Mackenzie of Kilcoy, respecting the privilege of casting peats in the "Month of Mulbuy," which Kilravock claimed in right of his lands of Coulmore, and which privilege his kinsman Kilcoy maintained had hitherto been only tolerated. A discussion took place, at first sufficiently courteous, though firm and warlike. Kilcoy addresses—"To the rycht honorabil my loving brother, the Laird of Kilravok there," and concludes "I shall be als loith to offend you deserwedly by my neglek as my borne brother, and I so shal remaine stil your affectionat brother to command in quhat is just and lawful to my utermost power. (Signed), A. Mackenzie of Culcowie; the 16th of June 1640." On the 12th of July the same year, a notary attests that while twelve tenants of the "Twa Culmores were peacefully leading peats with carts and sleds from the Month of Mulbuy, Mr Alexander McKenzie of Culcowie cam ryding upon ane quhyt hors, accompanied with certain of his domestic servands, and causit his said servands to tim the said pettis and turris furth of the said carttis." Kilravock appears to have written to Seafort to get the matter adjusted, who replied saying that "I spoke Culcovij, who stands to his richt, and thinks that the letter your father directed to his predecessour to be ane sufficient attollarence which he has aduysed with the best advocates in Edinburgh. . . . Do not think that I shall in any measour authorise any wrong to your tenants; for none shall moir really approve himselfe unto you then your affectionate good freind (signed) Seafort, Chan: 16th July 1641."

Each party apparently "stood to his right," and used every means

of annoyance which the law placed in his power, with all diligence. A warrant of Lawburrows was obtained at the instance of Kilravock, setting forth that Kilcoy "having conceived ane deidlie haitred, evill-will, and malice causles, &c., daylie and continually molestis, trublis, &c., in the peaceable possession of their lands." The following certificate, under the hand of the Clerk of Register, announced similar proceedings on the other side. It was too good a quarrel to be speedily settled, and it is more than likely that it lasted until the sale of Kilravock's lands of the Coulmores to Cblin Mackenzie of Redcastle in 1678.

"Apud Edinburgh, ultimo Novembris 1642. The whilk day sovertie and lawborrowis is fundin by Hucheon Ros of Kilraak and Hew Ros, younger thereof, that Maister Alexander McKenyee of Culcowie, his wyff, bairnis, men tennentis, and servandis salbe harmles and skaithles in their bodeis, landis, heretages, takis, steidingis, rowmes, possessions, &c., ather of the saidis persones, vnder the pane of ane thowsand merkis money. This I testifie to be of virtie be ther presentis subscryvit with my hand. (Signed), Jo. Skene."

Earl George married, early in life, Barbara, daughter of James, first Lord Forbes, by whom he had issue, four sons and three daughters—first, Kenneth, his successor; second, George of Kildun; third, Colin, father of Captain Robert Mackenzie, and of Dr George Mackenzie who wrote "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen," and a MS. "History of the Fitzgeralds and Mackenzies," of either of whom there is no existing representative; fourth, Roderick, whose son, Alexander, had issue only a daughter, Annie, who died without issue. The Earl's eldest daughter, Jean, married, first, the Earl of Mar, and secondly, Lord Fraser. Margaret, the second daughter, married Sir William Sinclair of Mey, and Barbara, his third daughter, married Sir John Urquhart of Cromarty.

Earl George is said also to have had a natural son, John, of whom the family of Gruinard, though it is maintained by the representatives of that House that they originally sprang from the second George of Kildun, in which case the Chiefship of the clan would, on the death of the last Lord Seaforth, devolve upon that family. We shall deal with this question at length when we come to discuss the question of the Chiefship, stating here little more than that the evidence at present available against the Gruinard claim appears to us absolutely conclusive. We are informed by the writer of the Ardintoul MS., that Earl George having heard of the disastrous battle of Worcester "by John of Guinard, *his natural son*, and Captain Hector Mackenzie, who made their escape from the battle," that the tidings "unraised his melancholy, and so died in the latter end of September 1651." The Allangrange "Ancient" MS. says—"He had also *ane naturall son* called John Mackenzy, who married Loggie's daughter," while the Letterfearn MS. has it that "He left *ane natural son*, who is called John, who is married with Loggie's daughter;" but apart from these authorities the *DATES* place the question, in our opinion, beyond dispute, as we shall fully show in the proper place.

When the tidings of the disastrous defeat of Worcester were made known to the Earl, he sank into a profound melancholy, and died, in 1651, in the forty-third year of his age, at Schiedam, in Holland. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.

BY ALEX. FRASER, ACCOUNTANT.

IV.

PETERHEAD rejoices in the possession of both a Tea and a Wine Well, while the Island of Stronsay is blessed with a Beer one. Of this last it is said that it "is clear as crystal and not unpleasant, is full of fixed air, as may be easily discovered by any who drink some glasses of it; for they will soon find themselves affected in the same way as if they had drank some fine, brisk, bottled, small beer." The waters of a spring in Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire, cured the muir ill in black cattle, and quantities were wont to be carried from the spring to a great distance; and the waters of Wysbie Well, in Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in time of great drought brought relief to the cattle suffering with the red water when they were made to drink of them. A spring in the Parish of Monzie was held in great repute up to about 1760, when alas! two trees which overshadowed it fell, and then the restorative power of the water also departed. The presiding patron of Yclaburn or Hiclaburn, "the burn of health," in Shetland, was propitiated by each visitant throwing three stones, as a tribute, as he approached, into the source of the salubrious waters, and in consequence of the fame of the spot a considerable pile was raised. The spring of the Burn of Oxhill, in Banffshire, was frequented because of its restorative effects in cases of chincough, and that there might be no appearance of partiality there was also a well in this same county specially set apart for old spinsters, called the "Old Women's Well." A fount in Kilmadun, Argyleshire, devoted itself to the curing of scurvy, while another in Bute made the curing of sore eyes and the numps its speciality. The holy hill of Strathdon has on its summit a stone with a deep hollow, in which water is almost invariably to be found. The superstitious imagined that the water sprung out of this stone, and they accordingly attributed extraordinary health-giving properties to this lone and mysterious cistern of the dews from heaven. The waters of a well in Kennethmount, Aberdeenshire, were capable of bringing relief to man and beast, and in acknowledgment of the blessing received, the offerings bestowed consisted of portions of the clothes of the sick and parts of the harness or furniture of the cattle.

The Routing Well of Monkton, near Inveresk, was believed to be able to predict storms, because of the rumbling noise which was heard during the prevalence of high wind. This accomplishment was as nothing compared with that enjoyed by the Well of Tarbat, in Argyleshire. This well, also called "The Lucky Well of Beathag," like Æolus of old, could command the winds. One acquainted with the spot has furnished us with the following account:—"It is situated at the foot of a hill fronting the north-east, near an isthmus called Tarbat. Six feet above where the water gushes out there is a heap of stones, which forms a cover to the sacred fount. When a person wished for a fair wind, either to leave the island or to bring home his absent friends, this part was opened

with great solemnity, the stones carefully removed, and the well cleaned with a wooden dish or clam shell. This being done, the water was several times thrown in the direction (or air) from which the wished for wind was to blow, and this action accompanied with a certain form of words, which the person repeated every time he threw the water. When the ceremony was over, the well was again carefully shut up to prevent fatal consequences, it being firmly believed, that were the place left open, it would occasion a storm, which would overwhelm the whole island. This ceremony of *cleaning the well*, as it is called, is now seldom or never performed; though still there are two old women of the names of Galbreath and Graham, who are said to have the secret, but who have cause to lament the *infidelity of the age*, as they derive little emolument from their profession."

In these days the Strathpeffer and other mineral springs both north and south are much frequented because of the medicinal virtues attributed to them. Of the former Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart., in 1810, writes as follows:—"Indeed the once famed virtues of the Strathpeffer spring are beginning to be neglected. It has been celebrated for curing all sorts of diseases, particularly scrofula, and affections of the skin. It used also to be frequented by women who had been disappointed in their expectations of having children. The fresh air which circulates around the spring, and the pleasantness of the country in which it is situated, by tempting invalids to walk abroad, probably contribute more than the water to the restoration of their health." There is doubtless more truth in this last remark than the careless will admit. In the Parish of Duthil we have "Fuaran Fionnarach," or refreshing well, a belief in whose healing qualities is not yet quite extinct. The waters of certain lochs in Sutherland and Ross-shire are reputed to be able to effect various cures, especially in cases of headache and deafness. The ceremonies to be observed are, to walk backwards thrice into the water, dipping at each advance to land, and to leave some small coin in the loch. There must be no looking backward either in advancing into, or retiring from the water, and the patient must in conclusion walk straight home without speaking to, or taking notice of anybody, and especially he must not look behind or around.

Among the Ochil hills is a fairy well near which lived at one time a penurious farmer who had offended the "good folk." They are resentful when annoyed, and seldom fail in having their revenge. The dairy maid on one occasion carried her butter to the well to be washed as usual before sending in to market. She had, however, no sooner thrown the lump into the well than a small hand took hold of it and both disappeared under the crystal waters, while a voice sang—

"Your butter's awa'
To feast our band
In the fairy ha'."

Near the same district is the "Maiden Well," a reputed resort of the fairies and the haunt of a water sprite of a dangerous and bewitching kind. When invoked a thin mist arose over the well disclosing a lady of most ravishing beauty. The result, however, was always fatal to the would-be wooer, for he was invariably found dead next day by the well side.

"Fuaran-Allt-Ciste-Mararrat," or the well of Margaret's Coffin, in Bad-

enoch, situated in a wild and lonely spot, marks where, according to tradition, the ill-used and unfortunate lady, who pronounced the curse of barrenness against the Mackintoshes, perished. "Tobar-nan-ceann," or the Well of the Heads, by Loch-Oich side, commemorates, as the inscription in English, Gaelic, French and Latin, on the monument erected over it, attests, the sternness and completeness of Highland revenge as carried out in the 16th century.

The Camp Wells of Longside, in Aberdeenshire, with the adjacent "battlefield," point to some ancient engagement, probably betwixt the Danes and the natives of the district; while the Sword Well of Dumfries marks the site of some Border encounter twixt the Scots and English. The contemptuous abbreviation of Kate's Well, the name of a spring, in the vicinity of the Kirk of Shotts, rescues from utter oblivion in that quarter the name of St Catherine of Sienna, to whom a chapel had been dedicated there in 1450. St Michael's Well, Edinburgh, now completely forgotten, was in the 16th century a place of great resort, for we are informed that in the year 1543 an act of penance is ordered to be performed at the fountain of St Michael, "*in via vaccaria, vulgo at Sanct Michaelis Well in ye Cowgait, in publica placea.*"

Old charters supply us occasionally with very curious and interesting information. They also preserve old names of localities and boundaries. A document of date 1221, regarding the lands of Burgie, near Forres, makes mention of two springs, "Tubernacrumkel" and "Tubernafein," as forming part of the marches of the lands described. These uncouth looking words are explained in the following equally uncouth looking language in a parchment attached to the charter:—"Tubernacrumkel, ane well with ane thravin mowth, or ane cassin well, with ane crwik in it," and "Tubernafeyne, of the grett or kemppis men callit fenis, is ane well." In modern phraseology these terms are respectively and without disguise, "Tobar nan Crom-ghiall," the wry-mouthed well; and Tobar nam Fiann, the Fingalian Well. They are considered to correspond with, and to be represented by, those now called the "Deer's Pool," and "Willie's Well." This bit of antiquity, besides being interesting, is of some value as tending to prove that even as early as upwards of six hundred years ago, little or nothing was known of Ossian's heroes, and that Gaelic which has now all but disappeared from the neighbourhood of Forres, was at a very early period the language of the district. Gleshee, in Perthshire, has also a Fingalian fountain. In the Great, commonly called the "Golden" Charter of the Burgh of Inverness, granted by King James VI. on the 1st of January 1591, mention is made of the well or fountain called Toburdonich, that is "Tobar Domhnuich," the Sunday or Sacred Well.

In confirmation of the previous remarks, and in order to bring the practice of old customs more vividly before our readers, we here introduce an excerpt from a communication made to Hone's "Every Day Book" in 1826:—

"In 1628 a number of persons were brought before the Kirk-Session of Falkirk, accused of going to Christ's Well on the Sundays of May to seek their health, and the whole being found guilty, were sentenced to repent 'in linens' three several Sabbaths. 'And it is statute and ordained that if any person, or persons, be found superstitiously and idol-

trously, after this, to have passed in pilgrimage to Christ's Well on the Sundays of May to seek their health, they shall repent in sackcloth and linen, three several Sabbaths, and pay twenty pounds Scots *toties quoties* for each fault; and if they cannot pay it the bailies shall be recommended to put them in ward, and to be fed on bread and water for eight days.' They were obliged, for the preservation of the charm, to keep strict silence on the way to and from the well, and not to allow the vessel in which the water was to touch the ground."

"In 1657 a mob of parishioners were summoned to the Session for believing in the powers of the well of Airth, a village about six miles north of Falkirk, on the banks of the Forth, and the whole were sentenced to be publicly rebuked for the sin. 'Feb. 3, 1757, Session convened, compeared Bessie Thomson, who declared she went to the well at Airth, and that she left money thereat, and after the can was filled with water, they kept it from touching the ground till they came home.' 'Feb. 24.—Compeared Robert Fuird who declared he went to the well of Airth, and spoke nothing as he went, and that Margáret Walker went with him, and she said the belief about the well (repeated the creed while walking round), and left money and a napkin at the well, and all was done at her injunction.' 'Compeared Bessie Thomson, declared she fetched home water from the said well, and let it not touch the ground in home-coming, spoke not as she went, said the belief at it, left money and a napkin there; and all was done at Margaret Walker's command.' 'Compeared Margaret Walker, who denied that she was at that well before, and that she gave any directions.' 'March 10.—Compeared Margaret Forsyth, being demanded if she went to the well of Airth to fetch water therefrom, spoke not by the way, let it not touch the ground in home-coming? if she said the belief? left money and a napkin at it? Answered affirmatively in every point, and that Nancy Brugh or Burg directed them, and that they had bread at the well with them, and that Nance Brugh said she would not be afraid to go to that well at midnight her alone.' 'Compeared Nance Brugh, denied that ever she had been at that well before.' 'Compeared Robert Squir, confessed he went to that well at Airth, fetched home water untouching the ground, left money, and said the belief at it.' 'March 17.—Compeared Robert Cochrane, declared he went to the well at Airth and another well, but did neither say the belief nor leave money.' 'Compeared Grizzel Hutchin, declared she commanded the lasses that went to that well, say the belief, but discharged her daughter.' 'March 21.—Compeared Robert Fuird, who declared that Margaret Walker went to the well of Airth to fetch water to Robert Cowie, and when she came there, she laid down money in God's name, and a napkin in Robert Cowie's name.' 'Compeared Janet Robinson, who declared that when she was sick, Jean Mathieson came to her and told her that the water of the well of Airth was good for sick people, and that the said Jean, her good-sister, desired her fetch some of it to her goodman as he was sick, but she durst never tell him.' These people were all 'publicly admonished for superstitious carriage.' Yet within these few years, a farmer and his servant were known to travel 50 miles for the purpose of bringing water from a charmed well in the Highlands to cure their sick cattle." Although we have by no means exhausted all that might be said on this curious and interesting topic, we feel we have

enlarged sufficiently for the present, and beg to refer such of our readers as wish to pursue the subject further to such works as the following :—“Chambers's Book of Days,” “Hone's Every Day Book,” “Hunt's Folklore of Cornwall,” An Article in the *Celtic Magazine* on Holy Wells by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., and Hampson's “Kalendars of the Middle Ages.”

In conclusion, to show that such superstitions and customs have, alas! not quite yet, become things of the past, we append the following graphic but melancholy picture with which the *Inverness Courier*, so late as August 1871, furnishes us, of the belief and practice that then lingered in one outlying district amongst us :—“At a loch in the district of Strathnaver, county of Sutherland, dipping in the loch for the purpose of effecting extraordinary cures is stated to be a matter of periodical occurrence, and the 14th appears to have been selected as immediately after the beginning of August in the old style. The hour was between midnight and one o'clock, and the scene, as described by our correspondent, was absurd and disgraceful beyond belief, though not without a touch of weird interest, imparted by the darkness of the night and the superstitious faith of the people. ‘The impotent, the halt, the lunatic, and the tender infant were all waiting about midnight for an immersion in Lochmanur. The night was calm, the stars countless, and meteors were occasionally shooting about in all quarters of the heavens above. A streaky white belt could be observed in the remotest part of the firmament. Yet with all this the night was dark—so dark that one could not recognise friend or foe but by close contact and speech. About fifty persons, all told, were present near one spot, and I believe other parts of the loch side were similarly occupied, but I cannot vouch for this—only I heard voices which would lead me so to infer. About twelve stripped and walked into the loch, performing their ablutions three times. Those who were not able to act for themselves were assisted, some of them being led willingly and others by force, for there were cases of each kind. One young woman, strictly guarded, was an object of great pity. She raved in a distressing manner, repeating religious phrases, some of which were very earnest and pathetic. She prayed her guardians not to immerse her, saying that it was not a communion occasion, and asking if they could call this righteousness or faithfulness, or if they could compare the loch and its virtues to the right arm of Christ. These utterances were enough to move any person hearing them. Poor girl! what possible good could immersion do to her? I would have more faith in a shower-bath applied pretty freely and often to the head. No male, so far as I could see, denuded himself for a plunge. Whether this was owing to hesitation regarding the virtues of the water, or whether any of the men were ailing, I could not ascertain. These gatherings take place twice a year, and are known far and near to such as put belief in the spell. But the climax of absurdity is in paying the loch in sterling coin. Forsooth, the cure cannot be effected without money cast into the waters! I may add that the practice of dipping in the loch is said to have been carried on from time immemorial, and it is alleged that many cures have been effected by it.”

[Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr Fraser has thrown off a limited number of his curious and valuable papers on “Wells,” in a separate form. Ed. C.M.]

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So

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

—O—
 "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle."

With his armour unruined and keen weapons bright,
 With his eagle-eye lit with the glow-gleam of youth,
 With his weird voice of love still clear ringing in might,
 With his great soul engirt with the beauty of truth—
 He fell! as a chieftain in glory and honour,
 Nor quailed as a coward when cold death appeared,
 But dauntless and fearless he waved the old banner,
 And "Victory!" cried as the conqueror neared.

Mountain and lonely glen,
 Heard the dread signal then,
 And tremblingly echoed the sorrow-fraught lay,
 Saxon friend, brother Gael,
 Heard it, and turning pale
 Wept for the hero departed for aye.

As a warrior invincible boldly he spoke,
 And far rung the truths of his terrible ire,
 Men slumbering heard them with awe, and awoke
 To shake off the trammels of slavery dire.
 As an angel in anger for freedom he warred,
 And thunderbolts flung at dark bigotry's art,
 Tho' fierce foes were round him, O! none could retard
 The sunlight that sprang from his love-laden heart.

Banishing baleful dreams,
 Spreading life's cheering beams,
 Lifting mankind from the gloom of long years,
 Guiding them ever then,
 Making them better men,
 Giving them hope mid earth's sorrows and tears.

There is grief in the shieling, and grief in the hall,
 The shade of the death-cloud still clings to each breast,
 And tears of remembrance still fitfully fall
 For the love that we bore him who loved us the best.
 No more shall his voice cheer the weary and lowly,
 Or give them the comfort which others deny,
 No more shall his burning words, God-sent and holy,
 Seem messengers sent to the poor from the sky.

O! how they sweetly bloom,
 Over his sacred tomb,
 Laurels immortal which fade not nor wane,
 Deathless his deeds and fame!
 Deathless his honoured name!
 Where! where shall we find such another again?

August 31, 1878.

My Dear Sir,—Here's a small "Cumha" in memory of our friend indeed. He went down with all sail set, guns shotted, colours flying, and weapon in hand; verily, the death of a hero; 'twas a noble exit, no weeping, or trembling of the coward there; no! 'twas with him "My song is sung—farewell to all; I hear the angels round me call." He lived a poet, died like a poet, and was buried like a monarch, the only thing wanting in his funeral ceremonies was a hundred pipers playing that magnificent wail-tune "We Return no More;" such would have been a meet accompaniment to the great Gael's friend-borne march to the grave. He was Highland in blood, soul, pluck, and faith. Some may lightly value him by reason of his Truth-charged utterances (few can bear the Truth), but, when his detractors are unknown, or, at least, remembered only for the narrowness of their views and thinness of their Christianity, he will be still a burning and shining light. I knew him well, and I speak of him as I found him, and can truly say, if the Almighty ever made a *genuine* man it was George Gilfillan.—Yours ever,

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

JOHN MACDONALD—AN ADHERENT OF PRINCE CHARLES.

THE history of old John Macdonald, whose portrait came into your possession recently, may interest the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*; and I shall be glad, with your permission, to state a few facts relative to this aged and venerable Highlander, and particularly so, as to the part which he was called upon to act in connection with the celebrated Flora Macdonald.

It will be seen in the eventful history of this distinguished lady, that the boat which conveyed the prince and herself, and the other parties along with them, from the Long Island to Skye, reached the shore at Monkstadt, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles. The Prince, on that Saturday evening, was concealed in a small cave at Kilbride close by the sea-beach, while Flora and her servant, Niel MacEachainn, left his Royal Highness there, and walked to Monkstadt House, where she was cordially received by Lady Margaret Macdonald, who was ignorant at the time of the Prince being so near at hand. There was a large company at Monkstadt that evening, and among the rest, some officers of the Duke of Cumberland's army. There were also present Mr Alexander Macdonald, Sir Alexander's factor, whose residence was at Kingsburgh, about sixteen miles distant, and also Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and her attendants. When the secret was made known to Lady Margaret, who was much agitated, a private conference was held that evening, at which it was arranged that Kingsburgh, Flora, Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, Betty Burke, the Irish spinning maid, and attendants, should leave Monkstadt next morning, and make the best of their way to Kingsburgh. On Sabbath morning, therefore, the party commenced their journey, Kingsburgh having gone on before them—some were walking, some riding—but, unfortunately, the day turned out very stormy and wet, and the travellers had no small difficulty in crossing the bridgeless streams, and in pursuing their way through the tractless moors. When within a couple of miles or so of the mansion-house of Kingsburgh, the party, drenched with rain, availed themselves of the shelter of a rock, and that with the double purpose of taking some rest, and also of spinning out the time, with the view of not arriving until nightfall at the Factor's residence. While sheltering themselves at this rock, they were anxious to procure some pure water to drink, which they intended to mix with a little genuine mountain dew, with which Lady Margaret had considerably supplied them ere they had left her hospitable residence that morning. They observed a raw-boned youth, bonnetless and barefooted, attending some cattle on the adjacent moors, and they questioned him as to a fountain, or well of spring water. He pointed out one quite close at hand, whereupon the big Irish female handed him a shilling, being the first money the youth was ever master of. This raw-boned lad was the John Macdonald whose portrait is now in your possession. In the course of time, John, who had not a vocable of the English lan-

guage, became the father of several sons and daughters, most of whom died young. Sensible of the want of education himself, he sent some of his family to a school at a distance, that they might acquire some little knowledge of reading and writing. One of his boys, Donald, was a superior performer on the bag-pipe, having acquired a correct knowledge of *Piobaireachd* from the last of the M'Arthurs, a race of pipers, who had been for centuries, pipers from sire to son, to the Macdonalds of the Isles. Through the recommendation and patronage of Sir John Sinclair, whose lady was a daughter of Lord Macdonald, young Donald was appointed piper, and bag-pipe maker to the Highland Society of London, but had his residence and workshop in the Lawn Market of Edinburgh. Old John had a croft of land in Glenhinisdale, a few miles distant from Kingsburgh, which became subsequently the residence of Flora Macdonald, after she had married young Allan, the Factor's son, and where Dr Johnson and Boswell received hospitable entertainment in 1773. After Kingsburgh and his wife, owing to misfortunes in their worldly affairs, had to emigrate in 1774 to North Carolina, worthy John, in consequence, had lost his best earthly friend, Flora, who was ever kind and attentive to him. After their return to Skye from America their friendship to John was renewed, and continued during the life-time of that benevolent family. On the removal of both by death, John felt very lonely and desolate. His wife and all his family had departed this life, with the exception of his son Donald, then in Edinburgh. He had therefore no congenial friend in his native Isle to afford him consolation in his advancing old age. A little before the commencement of the present century, his son prevailed upon him to remove to Edinburgh, and to spend the remainder of his days under his roof. At first the old man refused to comply with the son's request, urging as a plea for so doing, that he was totally ignorant of the English language, and that he would be, in consequence, debarred from associating with any of the good citizens of the metropolis. Eventually his son made a trip to Skye, sold off all his father's effects, and took him along with him to his residence in the Lawn Market, where he lived in all comfort for upwards of thirty years. During the last four or five years of this interesting veteran's life, I visited him very frequently indeed, while I attended the Divinity Hall in the University of that city. He departed this life in 1835, at the well ascertained age of 107, and he often told me a remarkable fact, that during his unusually protracted period of life, he never felt an hour unwell! His son was then considerably beyond eighty, and consequently the father, who was upwards of twenty years his senior, often taunted him by saying, in a jocular way, that he was by far more smart and active than he (the son) was, and that he would still beat him at a leap or a race. He related, with much distinctness, all the incidents that took place in Skye during the turbulent times of the rebellion, and particularly so those in connection with the Kingsburgh family. The old man described minutely the sudden and unexpected death of his benefactress Flora at Peinduin, a gentleman's residence there, some miles distant from her own home at Kingsburgh; and although he was then upwards of sixty years of age, he was one of the stalwart men who carried the coffin of his dear departed friend across the swollen river that intervened between where she died and

her own residence. My only regret now is, that I took no notes at the time of many interesting incidents that took place then in Skye, of which old John was an eye-witness, and which he could describe so circumstantially and minutely as he sat in his favourite three-corned chair. I was then a thoughtless youth, who felt very little concern, at the time, for the history or these turbulent periods, and had formed no idea of the propriety of recording veritable statements made in regard to them by an eye-witness.

John was a great snuffer. He always held the old snuff-horn in his left hand, as in the picture, and was very liberal with a pinch. He never used the snuff sold in shops, but his favourite kind was the "gradan," a sort of snuff manufactured by himself, by pounding dried twist tobacco into dust, in the bottom of a common black bottle. In olden times this was the only snuff that was used in Skye, as well as in all the Western Isles. It was ground into an exceedingly smooth powder, and in quality it much resembled what is known under the name of Lundyfoot snuff.

Old John spoke the Gaelic language with much fluency and idiomatic correctness. Not a word was out of joint, and it was delightful to listen to the grammatical purity of his conversation. His tales and stories about ancient times were endless. It seemed a pleasure to him to speak of the various feuds that existed between the different hostile clans, particularly about the bloody skirmishes in which the Macdonalds of the Isles were engaged with the Macleods of Dunvegan and the Mackenzies of Kintail and Gairloch. He was gifted with a memory extraordinary for its retentiveness, and could repeat ancient poetry for hours on end, which he called "Bàrdachd na Feinne," or the "Fingalian Poetry." John was, however, considerably tainted with various superstitious ideas, for he firmly believed in fairy influences, second sight, and supernatural powers being granted to some, to affect their neighbours' cattle, and deprive cows of their milk. Of second sight in particular, he told a great variety of striking instances, and confidently believed in them all. It was a favourite theme of his to dilate upon the musical proficiency of the MacCrimmons, the family pipers of the Macleods of Dunvegan, and likewise of the MacArthurs, the hereditary pipers of the Macdonalds of the Isles. He acknowledged that the MacCrimmons were more famed for their musical talent, but still that they could not surpass the beautiful and systematic performances of the MacArthurs. He possessed a great relish for pipe-music, when skilfully executed. I am not aware whether he had ever attempted to perform on the bagpipe himself, but I know that he had a correct knowledge of "Piobaireachd," and could repeat the notes of any lament, salute, or gathering, by the syllabic mode of notation, which was practised by the already mentioned family pipers, in order to preserve their pieces of music from being lost. It was interesting to listen to the old man repeating the various measures of a long "Piobaireachd" expressed by significant vocables, such as these pipers used to represent the notes and bars of their several tunes. The following will give an idea of that notation:—

Hi ho dro hi, hi ho dro hi, ha, han an an ha;
Hi ho dro hachin, hachin, hiushin,

Hi dro ti hi, hi an an, an hi ri,
Ho dro huchin, hi ri o huchin.

I had the pleasure of presenting to the Library of the Gaelic Society of Inverness a small printed volume of piobaireachds in this notation, as practised by the MacCrimmons of Dunvegan, and no doubt some of the Society's members and others will feel an interest in inspecting it.

I remember calling on worthy John one evening, if I recollect well, in December 1831, when we had a long discussion about pipe-music. John remarked that "The gathering of the Clans," was a splendid piobaireachd, which was composed at the battle of Inverlochy. He repeated it in the syllabic manner just described. When he had finished it he said, "Let us go down stairs to hear the same fine piobaireachd from Donald on his large bagpipe." We did so, and worthy Donald, who was a short, thick-set, very stout man, who weighed about twenty stones, did all justice to the piece of music in question. The aged father, however, who had listened very attentively, addressed his son, and said, "Donald, my boy" (a hopeful youth, to be sure, aged about eighty-two years), "Donald, my boy, you played such a part of the Crànnludh by far too slow, for it ought to be—

Hiedratatiti, hiedratutiti, hiedratititi, hiedratatiti."

"Ah! very good, father," said Donald, "very good, it is easy for these volatile, quivering lips of yours to articulate these notes rapidly, but not at all so easy for my stiff fingers, to extract them from this black, hard, hole-bored stick of mine!" (meaning his chanter.)

Poor old John when in Skye made almost his home of Kingsburgh. The family always found him useful, not only as an honest and trustworthy person but as one who was able and willing to put his hand to almost any work, which had to be done about the house. He was a very expert and successful fisher, on salt or fresh water. If John failed to procure anything with his rod, it would be in vain for another to attempt it.

I asked John on one occasion if he remembered when Dr Johnson was at Kingsburgh? He said that he remembered the occasion well, but that he saw him only once. One morning the big Englishman and the Rev. Dr Macqueen, of Kilmuir, were walking after breakfast in front of Kingsburgh house, and evidently admiring the splendid scenery all round. John described Johnson (to use his own words) "as a lusty, stout man, somewhat like my son Donald there, but probably stouter. He had on the most strange hat I ever saw, and he did not seem inclined to walk much about. When I had an opportunity, I asked Dr Macqueen who that strange looking gentleman, with the broad-rimmed hat was? He replied and said:—

"Sin agad, Iain, an Sasunnach Mòr a rinn a' Bheùrla. Thubhairt mi fein, ma ta, a' Mhinisteir, bha glé bheag aige ri dheanamh." "That, John, is the Big Sasunnach who made the English." I replied and said, "Well, minister, he had precious little to do."

At the time of Johnson's visit, Flora spoke to John, and expressed a wish that he would cross the hill to Loch-Leathann, and get some nice trout for the Englishman's breakfast. This loch is celebrated for its beautiful yellow trout, and is situated in a very romantic locality near

Storr, on the farm of Scorrybreck. John complied, and got a basketful for his kind friend Flora, who was exceedingly well pleased.

You must pardon me for encroaching so much on your patience and valuable time, by scrolling such a lengthy notice of old John. I was, however, desirous of assuring you that the oil-painting which you have procured of poor, old Macdonald, is not only genuine, but an exceedingly good likeness. To such as take pleasure in Jacobite times and feelings, the portrait will, no doubt, be very valuable. It is the portrait of a man, who was, the day he died, the only individual perhaps in the nation, who had seen the ill-fated Prince, and who had lived so long. I saw it hung for years in his son's parlour, in the Lawn Market, and the old man was very proud of it. I saw the artist adjusting it into, I suppose, its present gilded frame, and applying some varnish to it. I am very glad that the painting has fallen into your hands, knowing that you will appreciate a sterling, genuine relic, which it unquestionably is. I am aware of the remarkable circumstance which was the cause of the painting appearing in Inverness, but it is of no public interest to explain it. Donald, the bagpipe-maker, had several of a family, but all died before himself. Having had no direct heir or relatives, his effects went to the hammer for the benefit of some charities. Donald, as I have said, was a superior performer on the great Highland bagpipe, and was well versed in the true nature and composition of pipe music. Many years ago he published a large and excellent collection of old Piobaireachd, which is undoubtedly the most correct in its noting, and in the construction of its music, that has as yet appeared.

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Greatest and best of men! we hear his voice
 Deep-sounding as of old, like some wide sea,
 Bidding the heart at sorrow still rejoice,
 With radiant raptures of the "Bright to be."

Though Heaven was in his gaze, there too was seen
 The sweetness of all lovely things of earth;
 Though with the stars his loftiest song has been,
 Not less he loved the blooms of humbler birth.

Within the gracious garden of his heart
 Bloomed the unfading flowers of truth divine;
 Their fragrance from our minds can ne'er depart,
 Their radiance in our memories shall shine!

Farewell, great heart! though we may hear again
 Thy voice no more, proclaiming "God is Love,"
 Yet thro' all gloom of sorrows and of pain
 Thy life shall light us to the lands above!

August, 1878.

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

A GAELIC PIOBAIREACHD-POEM FROM THE ANTIPODES.

—o—

WE gladly make room for the following poem by Mr F. D. Macdonell, at one time of Plockton, Lochalsh, now of New Zealand. Sending us the poem, "Nether-Lochaber" says regarding him:—"As a Gaelic poet and *seanach-aidh* Mr Macdonell has few living equals, as his contributions to the *Gael*, *Inverness Courier*, *Highlander*, &c., under his well known *nom de plume* of 'Loch-Aillse,' abundantly testify. His mastery of the Gaelic language is simply perfect; it being impossible that anyone could know it as a living spoken tongue better than he does."

That the following *Brolaich a' Bhaird* (the Dream-murmurings of the Bard) may be properly understood, the occasion of what must be regarded as an exceedingly clever and curious composition may be briefly stated: For some years before his emigration to the Antipodes, Mr Macdonell was in constant correspondence with "Nether-Lochaber," on matters connected with the ancient ballad literature and folk-lore of the Highlands, subjects of which Mr Macdonell had a very large and intimate knowledge. Since his arrival in New Zealand the bard has not been hearing from his distinguished Lochaber friend so regularly as he could wish. Under the pretence that he is forgotten by his friend (which we are very sure is not the case), he feigns to have had a vision or a dream, in which he is supposed to have seen "Nether-Lochaber" on a far voyage among the stars, and to have there and then given utterance to the following *Brolaich* or Dream-murmur. It is a poem of rare merit, of the mock-heroic order; in which, however, much genuine pathos is very admirably interwoven with the wit, humour, and fancy which constitute the main attraction of such compositions:—

BROLAICH A' BHAIRD.

AIR FIONN PIOBAIREACHD.

URLAR.

Tha gart rium 'us gruaim
Air an Aodhaire,
'S duilich ain, 's gur cruaidh
Leam bhi amacintinn air:
Cia mar gheibhinn uam
'N cion dha bh' agam uair,
'Leanas rium gu buan,
Gus an caochail mi:
'S bochd e bhi ri 'luaidh,
Fear bha teagasg shluagh
Iad bhi seirceall, suaire,
'S gun bhi sraonaiseach,
E bhi nis gu truagh,
Dh' easbhuidh a chuid buadh,
'G altrum goimh 'us fuath,
'S e gun aobhar aig.

'S mise chaill mo chiall,
'S cha-n e 'n Caileadair,
Cuspair aoraidh chid
Feadh na Gaidhealtachd,
C' ait am facas riamh
'Choisinn uiread mbiadh,
Air son barrachd rian,
Tuigs' 'us talannan?
Innaidh e gach rial,*
Gealach, agus grian,
'S 'n ear a thig gach sian
Seal m' an tarmaich e;
'S cha-n 'eil ian no iasg,
Luibh air magh no sliabh,
Nach b' aithne dha o chian,
'S ciod is nadur dhoibh.

* Reul.

Ma tha e lan a cheill,
 Ciod e dhomhsa sin ?
 Cia mar bhithinn reidh
 Ris le 'neonachas ?
 'S mairg a bheireadh geill
 'Bhriathran fir 'n a dheigh,
 'S theirinn ri gach creutair
 Gur goraich e :
 'S olc a mheall orm fein,
 'M fear dheth 'n d' rinn mi aoidh,
 Dhiobair e le leum,
 'N uair bu chordaidh sinn :
 Leanadh e ri 'eud,
 Gleidheadh e 'chuid speis,
 'S cuiream-s e Loch-Treig
 Le 'chuid oraidean.

STUBHAL.

'S na'm faighinn-se bata,
 Uho fad ri mo dhurachd,
 Gu-n cuirinn am *Parson*
 Ri talamh 'n a luban :
 Ach 's fheudar dhomh aithris
 Ceann aobhair a ghalair,
 Dh' fhag boile 'n a chlaiginn,
 A mhaireas re uin ann :
 An cuala sibh 'n t-astar
 A ghabh e chum *Juno* ?
 Gu fantuinn ann tacan,
 'Chur anas air na Duilean ;
 B' ann toiseach an Earraich,
 A dh-imich an Gaisgeach,
 Le cuaille math daraich,
 Nach camadh, 's nach lubadh.

Gum b' iomadach tannasg,
 'Chuir sad as an Diumblach,
 'S a' sneachda ga dhalladh,
 'S an cathadh ga mhuchadh ;
 Ach dh' aindeoin gach ascaoin,
 Cha d' lasaich e 'ghaisgeag,
 'S na tuiltean dheth 'fhallus
 Tro' mhalaich a bruchdadh :
 'S 'n uair tharruing e 'anail
 Fo fhaagath *Arcturus*,
 Bha 'chlaiginn air failleadh,
 'S a chasan air rusgadh,
 'S gu-n thuit e 'n a chadal,
 Cia fhad cha-n 'eil brath air,
 Ach dhuig e gu fallain
 'Na bhallaibh, 's cho urail.

'Nuair chualas 's na Flaitheis
 Mu Alasdair Stiubhard,
 'S gach ni bha na bharrail,
 'N a signeadh, 's 'n a ruintean,
 Ghrad-chruinnich na Maithcan,
 Le armailt gu 'bhacadh,

'S gu-n thogadh leo bat'raidh
 'Chur casg air a chursachd ;
 Ach chlisg iad ri 'bheastan,
 'N uair tharruing e dluth riuth',
 'S gach buille dheth 'shlachdan
 Ri talamh 'cur triuir dhiubh ;
 E'brisdeadh, 's a' prannadh,
 A' sgoltadh, 's a' sgathadh,
 'S a' leagail am Flaithean
 Fo 'chasan 'n an smuraich.

M' an cuireadh e as dheibh,
 Leum baid' air a chulaobh,
 'S 'n a cheann orr' aise braman,
 Ga shadadh le suiste ;
 'S a dh-aindeoin a sgaiteachd,
 A spionnadh, 'us 'fhaicill,
 Chuir Bodach-na-gealaich
 Le caman an t-suil as :
 Chuir sud e o ghaige, [uaith,
 'S chaidh 'thapadh 'n a smuid
 'S ghrad-thog e air dhachaidh,
 'Lochabar nan spuinnear,
 'Us pràbar an adhair
 Ga ruith le na clachan,
 'S na thuit e 'n a pheallaig
 'An Camus-nan-dù-ghall *

Theich 'n eunlann 's a' chlapail,
 Ri caismeachd a phlumbaidh,
 'S thug bithean an aigil
 Gu faiteach an grunn orr' :
 'S o'n bha air a mhanadh,
 Bhi greis air an talamh,
 Gu-n shluig agus thabhaich
 Muc-mhara 's an tiurr† e :
 Gle mhoch an ath latha,
 Bha feannag a' rudhrach,
 'Us phioc i gach bad dheth
 A dh-fhalaich fo dhun e,
 'S le 'gob chuir i h-anail
 Sios timchioll a sgamhain,
 'S ghrad-thiig e dheth 'm paisean—
 Bha anam as ur ann.

CLIAH-LU.

Gu-n thog e air gu h-astarach
 'Ruith dhachaidh tharan aonaich
 'S 'n uair rainig e bu chaithreanach
 Gach anail bha ga chaoineadh ;
 Bha tional fhear 'us mhuathan ann,
 'Us ghilleann og' 'us sinnirean,
 'Sgu-n mhionnaich iad nach dealaicht'
 O'n caraide ri 'n saoghal : [iad

* Camus-nan-gall.

† Feamainn fhuasgaile, &c., a dh-fhagas
 am mair lan air braighe chladaich.

Ma 's toigh leibh 'n corr dheth 'n
naigheachd so,

Na stadaibh gun a faotainn,
'S nach cualas riamh cho annasach
Air aithris am measg dhaoine ;
A'sonn chaidh troimh na carraidean
'S ann aige fein tha 'm barrachd
dhith,

'S gum faigh sibh e ri clabaireachd
'Measg chailleach Bhaile-chaolais.

Ud, ud! bu mhis' an t-amadan,
'N uair labhair mi cho burtail,
Ach 's breisleach, toradh aisling
bh' ann,

Oir chaidil mi 's mo run ort :

Cha-n 'eil, cha bhi, 's cha d' fhairich
mi,

Aon ni, no neach, no tachartas,
A sgaradh uam a' bharrail sin
A cheangail mi cho dluth riut ;
'S 'n uair theid thu d' rùm a dh-
aslachadh,

'S a thagar air do ghluinean,
O! guidh dhomh mìle mathanas,
'Am *Paragraph* dheth 'n urnuigh,
'Us bheir mi mìltean beannachd ort,
Cho dileanta 's is aithne dhomh.
'S gu lean mi anns an aigneadh sin,
Gu'n taisgear anns an uir mi.

LOCH-AILLSE.

WILLIAM, LORD CRICHTOUN, IN TAIN AND INVERNESS.

—In our issue for November will appear an article, by General Stewart Allan, on "William, Lord Crichtoun, in Tain and Inverness, A.D. 1483-1489," which is an attempt to illustrate an obscure and rather mysterious episode in Scottish History, connected with the career of that traitorous noble. Lord Crichtoun was intimately connected with a royal Princess of Scotland, the Lady Margaret (Stewart), "sister of our Lord the King," and youngest daughter of King James the Second. In the year 1482-3 he was forfeited and attainted for his participation in the rebellion of the Duke of Albany—his brother-in-law (?) (Prince Alexander); on which he sought refuge in the sanctuary "within the girth of S. Duthach, at Tayne, in Ross," where he resided in the house of the vicar. He subsequently had a last interview with his injured sovereign, King James the Third, at Inverness. He died at Inverness about 1489, where his "tomb was yet to be seen," when George Buchanan wrote his history. In the same number will be commenced

HACO THE DANE; OR, THE PRINCE'S WOOING—A ROMANCE OF LOCH MAREE, by J. E. Muddock, author of "A Wingless Angel," and several other very popular novels. The *World* says of this work—"Our advice to all our readers is, Get this book. A 'Wingless Angel' is the best novel we have come across for many a long day. The sketches of Yorkshire life are delightful, the style is crisp and graceful, and the plot is well conceived and cleverly developed." *Fun* says of it:—"The story is wild and wonderful. . . . Many a reputation for novel writing has been built on a less solid foundation than 'A Wingless Angel.'" The story is founded on the well-known legend of the wooing and tragic death of Danish Prince and Princess, who are said to be buried on Isle Maree.

JOHN MACCODRUM.

IV.

Patriotic Poems.

JOHN MACCODRUM's patriotic effusions, whether composed in praise of the Macdonald Clan generally, or of celebrated individuals belonging to it, so breathe the warlike spirit of the race, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, that they have justly entitled him to be called the "Homer of the Western Islands." He was proud of the race of heroes which added lustre to the name of Macdonald, and he lavishes all the wealth of his copious vocabulary upon descriptions of their physical and moral qualities. Of the songs composed to those gentlemen of the Macdonald Clan who flourished in his own day, the most noteworthy are "Oran do Chaptein Ailein Chinnsburgh," "Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich," "Oran do Shir Seumas Domhnallach Shleibhte." From the first of these we have quoted already those verses in it composed to Flora Macdonald, whose husband was its hero. Captain Macdonald seems to have been well worthy of having his praises celebrated in eulogistic strains. Dr Johnson's biographer describes him as one "who was the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character."

Through the strange irony of fortune, it was his destiny to fight for that royal house, on behalf of whose foe his father had risked life and property. Owing to the part which old Kingsburgh took in the troubles of '45, and the pecuniary losses which he sustained through his entanglement in the cause of Prince Charles, his affairs were so seriously involved at his death, that although his son and successor, Captain Allan, managed to put off the evil hour for some years, the *res augustae domi* were such, that along with the brave partner of his life, and his children, he was compelled to set out for the shores of the American continent in the month of August 1774. On the outbreak of the War of Independence, which occurred shortly after his arrival in the new world, Kingsburgh joined the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the loyalists' cause, and in the hostilities which ensued, fought and suffered for his king and country.

It is satisfactory to think that his life was spared to his noble wife and numerous family, and that after all the perils of the field, he once more crossed the Atlantic, to close his life where it began, amid the beauties of his native island.

In the hero of so eventful a career, Maccodrum saw one who was well worthy of the best efforts of his muse. As a very general rule, in such eulogistic poems as that under consideration, we feel that there is a certain amount of exaggeration and redundancy of expression which it is almost impossible to avoid. Of course, when the person praised is worthy of all the good that can be said about him, the danger of exaggeration is reduced to a minimum. In reading over Maccodrum's song in praise of

Kingsburgh, it seems to us that, although it is not free from that heaping together of epithets and qualities which is incidental to such poetry, especially in Gaelic, the poet has, on the whole, produced a piece of vigorous and genuine verse. For a reason which is obvious, the two verses at the end composed to Flora Macdonald are the best. The circumstances which have rendered her famous, raise her to an elevation far above her husband. From her conduct during a few short months of her life, by which she became associated with some of the historic events of last century, her career has become invested with quite an epic interest, and her name remains immortal in the annals of her country. This it is, that the touches of lofty sentiment in the song by which she is described, raise our thoughts to a level so high above the rest of the poem, that we almost regret that the song was not all composed to her.

Still the real hero of the poem was worthy of all the praise bestowed upon him, and the description which the poet so graphically gives of his manly and soldier-like qualities, have the ring of truth and sincerity. The gallant Captain's arm must have been heavy and his blade keen, when the bard could say about him :—

Lann sgaitheach de smior cruadhach air,
 'San truall bu dreachmhor dualanan;
 Cha stad e 'm feoil am buaillear e,
 Gu 'n ruig e smuais nan cnamh.

"Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich," lately rescued from oblivion, and to be found in the third part of Mr Sinclair's "Oranaiche," has been handed down by tradition, rightly or wrongly, as a specimen of the bard's power of *impromptu* versification. It was composed to the son of Clanranald's heir, under the following circumstances :—"Maccodrum, who had those roving propensities which characterise the bards and minstrels of feudal times, was one day seen approaching Nunton House, in Benbecula, which was then a residence of the Clanranalds. Mac-Ic-Ailein, who happened to be walking about the premises, leading Iain Muideartaich, who was then a child, by the hand, sent him to meet the bard. In order to render the greeting one of substantial value for John, Clanranald gave the boy a coin to be presented to Maccodrum. The child having done this, the bard asked him if that was all the money that he had, to which Iain Muideartaich answered that it was. 'Well,' says John, 'there isn't another heir in the world that would give me all that belonged to him but yourself.' Thereupon he lifted up the boy and walked towards the house, but when he reached, the child would not be taken from him until he had composed a song in his praise. He asked for as much time as he would take to walk round the garden, which was granted, and when he returned sang that spirited and warlike poem known as 'Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich.'" So says tradition, and we do not take upon ourselves to decide how much or how little truth the story may contain. This much, however, is certain, that Maccodrum had a remarkable power of extempore composition, which, along with his great knowledge of the history of the Macdonald clans, and of their achievements upon many a field of fight, would render it possible for him, with his quick inventive genius, his fine ear for rhyme, and his almost inexhaustible vocabulary, to pour forth at very short notice the powerful strains of "Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich." Iain Muideartaich

himself, being a child having no history, the bard begins by speaking of the hereditary right which he had to be noble and heroic, and he expresses the fervent hope that he may be spared to manifest those qualities of body and mind, which form part of his ancestral heritage—

Mhoire 's e mo rùn mo leanabh,
'S tu mac oighre Mhio-'ic-Ailein,
Ogha 's iar-ogh nam fear fearail,
Chaidh 'ur n-alla fada 'g a cur.
B' fheàrr leam fein gu'n cinneadh sid dhuit,
Aois 'us fàs 'us ailleachd an cruth,
Mais' 'us féile, 's geire le guth.

He then goes on to take a retrospective view of the warlike history of Iain Muideartach's ancestors, tracing it through the famous fields of Harlaw, Sark, Inverlochy, Killiecrankie, and Sheriffmuir, showing that in all these historic battles, Clann Raonuill covered themselves with renown. These proud memories, however, were not unmingled with regret, for at the battle of Sheriffmuir the Chief of the Clanranald met with a soldier's death, and it may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that, on the very same day, the Castle of Ormsdale in South Uist, one of his places of residence, went on fire and was reduced to ruins. Ian Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein laments the chieftain's loss in a very fine elegy:—

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar milleadh,
An coig ceud 's a mill' eile,
'S na seachd ceud a rinn imeachd,
Chaill sinn ùr-ros ar fìno,
'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh r' am beo.*

The song to Sir James Macdonald begins with an expression of sorrow for his father's (Sir Alexander's) death, and a prayer to the Highest that the young man might be spared to return home and comfort his mourning people. He then goes on to speak of Sir James in terms which, if applied to many, might seem too highly coloured. The testimony of contemporaries, however, goes to show that, notwithstanding the hyperbolic language with which the poem abounds, and which is so prominent a feature in all Gaelic poetry, there was little exaggeration in the manner in which Sir James's qualities, physical, intellectual, and moral, are described by his admiring and devoted bard.

Of the patriotic poems composed by Maccodrum to the Macdonald Clan generally, the best known are "Smeorach Chlann Domhnuill," and "Moladh Chlann Domhnuill." In the former of these, as the mavis of the Macdonalds, he warbles forth his notes in praise of his native country and of the clan which he delighted to honour. The first half of the song he devotes to a minute description of the good qualities of his native sea-girt Uist; with true *amor patriæ* rejoicing in its abundance of horses, flocks, and herds, its heavy harvests, its flowery meads, its well dressed youths; nor does he omit to mention those qualities of sea-weed with which its shores abound, and the manufacture of which into kelp was, in the poet's day, so much more remunerative than now.—

An tir a 's boidheche ta ri fhaicinn;
'M bi fìr òg an comhdach dreachmhor
Fàilt ni 's leoir le por na machrach
Spreigh air moitich 's or air chlachan.

* Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, p. 69.

In the latter half of the poem, the "Smeorach" proceeds to inform us that he himself was born among the Macdonalds, and in vigorous and telling language gives a vivid description of their powers, a subject of which the bard never appeared to weary. They were manly, handsome, and stout, and when drawn up in battle array, armed with their weapons of war, woe to the enemy that would meet them in the storm of battle.—

Buidheann mor 's am por nach troicheil,
Dh' fhas gu meannach, dealbhach, toirteil;
Fearail fo 'n airm 's maing d' a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoim nach leanabail coltas.

Like many other laudatory Gaelic poems, the "Smeorach" abounds in the literary vice of a redundancy of epithets. Such a fault, however, must be expected in the compositions of an untutored bard, and ought not to blind us to the eloquence and true poetic genius which manifest themselves throughout.

Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill is known to popular tradition as "Cuid-eachadh Dho'ill 'Ic Fhionnlaidh." The circumstances under which the poem, or at least part of it, was composed are hinted at in the opening verse. It appears that Maccodrum, and a neighbouring poetaster of the name of Domh'ull Mac Fhionnlaidh, happened to meet on one occasion in the kitchen of one of the North Uist gentlemen. Donald was apparently a crazy creature, though devoid of that wit which is "to madness near allied," and as it is often the case with those unfortunates whose brain is in an abnormal state of activity, gave utterance, in Maccodrum's presence, to ravings which took the form of verses composed in praise of some of the island celebrities. Our bard, who was taking a nap upon a bench, having been roused from his slumbers by the dissonant and unpoetic strains of his companion, began to recite, in his own masterly style, "Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill."

Tapadh leat a Dho'ill 'Ic Fhionnlaidh,
Dhuing thu mi le pairt dhe d' chomhradh.

It contains some very fine verses, of which there is one that we cannot refrain from quoting. In this verse he gives a description of the Macdonalds when on the field of battle; their aspect full of anger, their footsteps swift; their naked swords in their hands, keen as eagles, fierce as lions:—

Ach 'nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad an ordugh,
Coslas fiadhaich a dol sìos orr;
Falbh gu dian air bheagan stòldachd;
Claidheamh ruisgt' an laimh gach aon fhir,
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr;
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair;
Cheart cho frighail ris na leoghainn.

The whole poem is instinct with the spirit of the fiery cross. Many a brave champion would, according to the bard, come from all parts of the country of the Gael, to rally round Macdonald's banner when the day of danger was at hand:—

'S iomadh curaidh laidir naimbreach
'Sheasadh buaidh 's a bhuailleadh stroicean,
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar bheann
Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mòr thèir.

A. M.D.
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A LEGEND OF CAOLCHURN.

Caolchurn Castle was built A.D. 1440, by Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of John, Lord Lorn, during the absence in Palestine of her husband, Sir Colin Campbell, first Baron of Glenurchy, second son of Duncan, Lord Campbell of Argyll, by Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany.—

Within Caolchurn's old ruined halls,
The memories of the past,
Back to the ivy-covered walls,
Bring shades that will not last.

Shade of the brave crusader knight,
Glenurchy's lord of yore,
All in his armour richly dight,
His crest Brown Diarmid's Boar.

Shade of his haughty highborn mate,
Fair Margaret of Lorn,
Whose beauty, and whose queenly gait,
Did once these halls adorn.

Who reared Caolchurn's fine stately hold,
Where th' Orchy joins Lochow;
While far away—the bards have told—
Her knight fulfilled his vow.

He, who in Palestine hath done,
As a knight of Rhode's Isle,
Deeds that are worthy of thy son,
Lord Campbell of Argyll!

Until from that far distant strand,
When warned by a dream,
He hastens to his native land,
Beside Glenurchy's stream.

Then having crossed the ocean wide,
His sword-belt he unties,
And lays his coat of mail aside,
To don a pilgrim's guise.

And as he gains Glenurchy's heights,
Caolchurn it meets his view,
Where, thoughtless of her husband's rights,
His love has proved untrue.

Years, since he left, have passed away,
His lady thinks him dead,
And, as he dreams, consents this day
A stranger Chief to wed.

There, standing on its rocky steep,
Which Lochawe's waters lave,
From fair Caolchurn's old feudal keep,
Gay banners proudly wave.

And brightly in the old sword-dance,
While merry pipers play,

He sees his clansmens' claymores glance
Along Caolchurn's green Bay.

Then down the glen Sir Colin wends
His toilsome weary way,
Sadly Caolchurn's rock he ascends
Midst all the glad array.

The warder asks what he requires;
His lord he doth not think
To be the pilgrim who desires
He may get "food and drink."

And more—Sir Colin wisheth still
That she who owns these lands
May know, the pilgrim only will
Drink wine from her fair hands.

The gentle lady gives consent,
A cup of wine they bring,
In which, when drained, with love intent,
Sir Colin drops his ring.

His lady sees the token-ring—
She clasps him to her breast,
To him for ever she shall cling,
And on his bosom rest.

Uninjured from out Caolchurn's gate
MacCorquodale may go;
Sir Colin scorns to vent his hate
Upon a fallen foe.

Obedient to its lord's commands
Throughout that joyous day,
Shall still o'er all Glenurchy's lands
High revelry hold sway.

Again he rules in feudal power,
His banner vassals bring,
And then from Caolchurn's highest tower
The glittering ensign fling.

All gleaming in its black and gold
The gyronny of eight,
The mountain breeze displays each fold
Of Campbell's flag of state.

Caolchurn now stands it bleak and cold
And up Lochawe's fair tide,
No knightly owner, as of old,
Shall bring Caolchurn a bride.

C. J. L.

THE HISTORICAL TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS, by Alexander Mackenzie, now ready, and can be supplied from this Office.—See advertisement.

HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

THE interesting and instructive series of papers, under the above heading, which appeared in your last volume, and which I have just been perusing for the second time, contain many materials for discriminating controversy. The writer is impartial, and discourses from a mind well stored with facts and instances bearing upon the subject. The conclusion at which he arrives coincides with that of General Stewart of Garth, who thought that in the hands of Highlanders the broadsword and target were more formidable weapons than the musket and bayonet. Whether General Stewart would have thought so now in the face of the vastly increased destructiveness of the modern military small arm, may be open to question, but "J.M.W.S." writes in the full knowledge of breech-loading rifles, and their rapidity of discharge. At Killiecrankie, had Mackay's troops been armed in the present German fashion, they could have had their bayonets fixed during the charge of the Highlanders, and after giving them several volleys from the hip, as appears to be the German practice during the advance, would have been in preparedness for the impact of the foe, instead of having to screw the bayonet on the muzzle after the completion of the firing. The opinion appears to be gaining ground among military men that the days of close fighting are in a great measure over. Engineering science, and artillery, in conjunction with rifle shooting, are to be the features of future wars. Even cavalry are looked upon askance, and it is said they are suitable only for scouting purposes and for following up a victory. If they show themselves during a combat in mass, they form too conspicuous a mark for artillery, and so they must keep in hiding. The days are gone for light cavalry charges such as amazed the world at Balaklava, and even the charge of the heavy cavalry under Scarlet against Liprandi's 3000 horsemen, would not now be permitted, because long-range ordnance would have pierced and scattered and proved far more destructive to the close Russian mass than the swords of the Greys and Eniskilleners. In the system of attack prevailing for the British infantry there is no doubt the *denouement* of "the charge," but it is only to be made after artillery and small-arm firing have destroyed the *morale* of the foe; and in actual practice an enemy will not retain a position, or await an attack, from an opponent likely to succeed; and no charge will be undertaken excepting where the offensive capacities of the position to be taken have been pretty effectively destroyed. Assuming, however, that two enemies of equal numbers—suppose two battalions of infantry—one armed with rifle and bayonet, the other with broadsword and target—came into conflict with each other, which would possess the advantage in arms? That is the real question postulated by "J.M.W.S.," and it must be owned that he has discussed the question with great fairness, and that he has culled the facts he advances from a wide range of suitable illustration. But in my opinion, in the discussion of questions of this kind you must impart into it the consideration of the moral qualities of the men opposed to each other, as well as of their physical capacity to encounter each other at close quarters. The traditions of

those engaged—their pride of race, of nation, of family, will constitute a most powerful factor in the calculations of the thinking observer, and this is very well brought out in a remark of Lord Cockburn's in the "Memorials of my own Time," where he says that the best fighting material lies in patrician families. I believe this, because such people have pride of family to sustain, and as a rule this pride is a more powerful sentiment than the inclination to flee.

The British are a free people, with traditions of liberty and of unvaried military success, and no one can doubt that man for man they could thrash any German army opposed to them. Lord Elcho, I think it was, who said five to one. The Germans are still in comparative serfdom, and their very children at school show a marked difference from British children, who are free naturally in limb and mind; and it is said that teachers of youth would rather teach a dozen German children than one British. Besides all this, the British physique is stronger, and the stature taller. Now, in discussing the relative value of different kinds of offensive weapons of warfare, the moral and physical quality of the men whose actions are to decide the question, should be discussed as a pre-requisite; because although an army of Highlanders with sword and target may scatter a body of Dutchmen at Killiecrankie armed with musket and bayonet, would a body of Englishmen, for instance, have succeeded in the same circumstances, or Frenchmen, or Lowland Scots? "J.M.W.S." says that the victories of the Highlanders could hardly have resulted from any superiority in the *Highlanders* themselves, because in earlier times the Lowlanders usually defeated the Highlanders. I do not think there is history for this, stated so broadly, because the Highlanders in their conflicts with the Lowlanders were waging war against the king, and fought with halters round their necks; and the dread of ulterior consequences of this kind, rather than of the immediate effects of strife, often led to their retreat. When Argyll was made Warden of the Marches we find his West Highlanders in the position of conquerors over the Border Clans for the same reason, for "'tis conscience makes cowards of us all." Wherever the Highlanders fought in circumstances as favourable as the Lowlanders in respect of subsequent immunity from legal or criminal consequences, they fought as well, and so as not to justify the remark of "J.M.W.S." referred to. I think in his discussion of the question he has omitted this important one of the fighting qualities of the two peoples. No one doubts the supreme courage of the Englishman, his dogged pluck, and great physical strength, but if we take history for our guide, he has never been the match of the Scot at close fighting. The "cloth-yard shaft" was the potent agent of victory in the hands of the Englishman, and many a time has the fate of the Scot been rendered miserable from the use of these terrible missiles. But in the hand-to-hand fighting the Scot was equally terrible, and not to go farther back than the Battle of Northallerton, we find conclusive proof of the superiority of the Scot in this kind of conflict. At this battle the Saxons of the Lothians fled without striking a blow for their protector the Scottish King, while the Scots hewed and scattered the foe by their terrible impact, and would have been successful but for the presence of the steel-coated Norman men-at-arms. At Falkirk it was the bow and arrow that routed the Scots under

Wallace, although in all detached fighting under that great Celtic leader the Saxon went under. At Bannockburn, the cavalry and the Highlanders destroyed the English bowmen, and the remainder of Edward's army fled. At Flodden the right wing of the English army were charged by the Highlanders and driven back, and but for their impatient blunder of attacking the baggage instead of following up their victory, the result of that fight might have been different. In all battles in which the Highlanders have been engaged, with Dane, English, Lowland—as in Montrose's Wars—and in the Wars of Dundee, and "the fifteen" and "forty-five," close fighting was the choice of the Gael, and he was effective only in that mode of fighting. General Stewart quotes a passage applicable to the Highland warrior (I have not his "Sketches" by me for reference) that the close combat was his forte, and that if he was enabled to grasp his foe his courage was secure. I think this affords conclusive testimony of the physical superiority of the Highlander, who at all times has dared to look his foe in the face, and meet him hand to hand, trusting to his quick eye and strong arm. I am aware that it is fashionable among historians, with a strong Lowland bias, such, for instance, as John Hill Burton, to depreciate the Highlanders. In Burton this feeling is so predominant that it is perceptible throughout his works. He affects to regard the real Celt as small of stature, and to consider the fighting element as of a different race. He might just as well say the same of the Lowlanders or English. The well-fed classes and well clothed, appear a higher race in every nation, and as families become aristocratic, they become at the same time more or less akin to the Celtic type; they lose the Teutonic heaviness of limb and gait, and become small of hand, active in body and mind, with a chivalrous openness of character very remote from the boorishness of their origin. "Nether-Lochaber," too, in an editorial note to Logan's works, states his impression of the stature of the Highlanders being less than their Lowland neighbours. I do not think he has data to go upon. I have been in the three kingdoms, and I have been unable by the eye alone to observe much difference in the stature of the people of Britain. That differences do exist is manifest from researches made on the subject. In the admirable work of a true Scot, whom the writer is happy to have known as a friend, "The Scottish War of Independence," by the late Mr William Burns, this question of stature is discussed in a brief foot-note at page 53 of vol. I. After referring to Professor Huxley's then recently delivered lecture on "Political Ethnology," Mr Burns quotes the result "of recent statistical inquiries as to the physical characteristics of Scots as compared with Englishmen, and of the Gaelic-speaking portions of Scotland, as compared with the people of the Lothians. The result of these inquiries goes to show, first, that the people of Scotland are, on the average, taller than the people of England, and, second, that the Highlanders and Gallowegians are taller than the people of the Lothians. The men of Galloway, a mingled British, Pictish, and Scoto-Irish population, are said to be the tallest men in Britain. On the other hand, the men of Lothian are said to be heavier." Both Emerson, and more recently Taine, rhapsodise upon the immense stature and bulk of Englishmen, yet the former is shrewd enough to remark that it has been determined that the American himself, though apparently smaller,

has as big a skeleton as the Englishman. The people of the Lothians are of Saxon or Anglian origin, and their bony frame-work, though covered with more beef and adipose tissue than the Gallowegians and Highlanders, are really smaller and slighter. In a hand-to-hand encounter it would not be difficult to predict the issue, assuming strength to be the determining quality. So I say of the Highlanders in encounters with the broadsword. "J.M.W.S." must take into account two important factors in their conflicts with foemen. First, their lofty aristocratic sentiment and pride of race and clan, in which their English or Lowland opponents have little or no counterpart; and second, their superior, physical strength, or as Chambers puts it—"that combination of physical strength and bodily activity in which they surpass all other peoples." This union of high hereditary sentiment, with their strong *physiques*, constitutes in an extreme degree the qualities which Lord Cockburn ascribes to the patrician family; and it enables the real Highlander to meet any foe without flinching, conscious that that foe will prove no match for him if he once gets within the sweep of his sword arm. The mere English and Lowlanders in Cumberland's army at Culloden could no more have made a charge, like the Mackintoshes for instance, than they could have withstood them upon anything like equal terms. I am, of course, writing as a Highlander who believes firmly in the superiority of his race, while at the same time anxious to do justice to the English and Low-country people. I have endeavoured to state one or two circumstances in support of my view, and I regret that some competent authority did not take up the interesting line of study introduced by your talented contributor. To a military people like the Highlanders nothing should prove of greater interest than the question whether the successes of their immediate ancestors in battle was owing to superiority in their weapons, or in themselves personally. Hallam does not hesitate to ascribe a part of the Norman success everywhere to their superior personal strength, as well as to their skill in arms; and I incline to the belief that the same will be found true of the Highlanders. I should like much if your contributor would extend his inquiries into the subsequent exploits of the Highlanders when embodied as regular infantry, and before their adoption of the bayonet—when claymore and target still formed their weapons. I feel confident that no one is more competent to do the subject justice. His observations upon the use of the Highland sword in the closing chapter are likewise interesting. I can confirm his description of their length—as being often over three feet—from an *Andrea Ferrara* in my own possession, which is just three feet in the blade, and which is also "notably broad and thin"—altogether a most formidable weapon. By the way, when writing, I would like to ask if the battle-axe is a Highland weapon, or of Norse or Norman introduction? Scott speaks of the Lochaber or battle axes used by the Islesmen at Flodden, as "Danish Battle-axes." These axes are terrible weapons, and are adapted either for stabbing or giving a blow. In the Norwegian account of the Battle of Largs, it is said that many of the Scots carried "Irish spears," which are described as being cut-and-thrusts. The term Irish having been often applied to the Highlanders, is not this axe the one called the Lochaber-axe, and by Scott the Danish axe? If so it must be of native origin. The late Lieutenant Donald

Campbell regarded the axe as of native birth, and as having been originally invented by the Caledonians for use against the Romans on the walls, having often a hook upon it for pulling them into the ditch. This origin is reasonable enough, but still it is only conjecture.

Upon receiving a commission as a volunteer officer some years ago, I went to a London sword-making firm of standing to select a good regulation infantry sword. Having measured my own *Ferrara* to see if the length would suit me—it was not a Highland sword I required—I asked for a sword three feet in length. I was told that none of that size were made, that thirty-three inches was the usual length, occasionally thirty-four, and that they had been made by special order thirty-five inches in length. I ordered one thirty-six inches long. It is much heavier than the *Ferrara*, more unwieldy, and with nothing like equal temper. Of course in a strong, muscular arm, it is a very formidable weapon, but I do not think our modern forgers of swords can impart to them the ancient qualities which permitted of the weapons being almost bent double, and of then resuming their straightness unimpaired. Of what “J.M.W.S.” says as to the potency of the waters of Lochend in tempering steel, I have heard that among Highland sword-makers, a difficulty was long experienced in preventing the blades from curling when undergoing the tempering process, until one ingenious artist invented the expedient of making the water revolve rapidly before using it. I am not sufficiently skilled in metals myself to know whether there is anything in this or not.

September 1878.

A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

TO THE READER.—This number, with which we print a Table of Contents, completes the third volume of the *Celtic Magazine*. It is now self supporting, and has a large and steadily increasing circulation among the aristocracy, among educated and influential Highlanders at home and abroad, as well as among the wide circle of English, Scotch, Irish, and Foreigners, who now take such an intelligent interest in all that pertains to the Gael and his Literature. We again tender our hearty thanks for this patronage, and at the same time respectfully request that our friends be good enough to bring the Magazine under the notice of their acquaintances, and thus increase its influence for good, and extend its usefulness in rescuing from oblivion what is worth preserving of the floating traditions and history of our Celtic forefathers. We would take this opportunity to tender our special acknowledgments to Alexander Cameron, Esq., Coburg, Victoria, who, last year, ordered forty copies to be sent, for a year, to gentlemen whose names he supplied, throughout Australia, and guaranteed payment for them. This number has since very materially increased. We would also mention John Mackay, late “Shrewsbury,” who ordered twenty copies in the same way; James Fraser, Esq., North Albion Street, Glasgow, who secured about thirty subscribers, and Donald Mackay, Esq., Portnacoon, Sutherlandshire. To these, and several others, we are specially indebted. We believe the *Celtic Magazine* is the first Celtic organ that ever paid its way, but a periodical devoted to such interests should have a stronger incentive for its conductors than the mere luxury of the work during odd moments spared from business of a more lucrative character. There is little chance of any Celtic publication becoming a permanent power until Highlanders support it in such a manner as will secure a fair remuneration to one able and willing to devote his whole time to the work. The Magazine is already a special and valuable medium for advertising among a very large section of the higher and cultivated classes, and by patronizing this department of it, and bringing it under the notice of advertisers is one of the best means of supporting it. “Suas e, Suas e.”

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